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FANCY'S LOOM.

BY MARIE LE BARON.

Weave the bright thoughts to and fro,
Airy threads of wondrous glow;
Faster, faster, shuttle, fly
Through the air, and earth, and sky.

Weave a web of thought-work fine
Through the web of souls divine;
Soul of woman, soul of man,
Weave them by God's perfect plan.

Swiftly flies the shuttle through,
To and fro in heaven's view;
Fancy weaves her rainbow web,
Braiding in life's endless thread.

FEUDAL TIMES:

OR,

TWO SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

A Romance of Daring and Adventure.

(Translated especially for the FAVORITE from the French of Paul Duplessis.)

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LAST HOUR.

The market-place of the town of Besse, the chief place in the jurisdiction of the Marquis de la Tremblais, presented a spectacle at once picturesque and terrible on the morning fixed for the execution of the Chevalier Sforzi.

Pushing his audacity and bravado to the extreme, the marquis had summoned, by sound of trumpet, all the surrounding villagers to be present at the execution. So great was the fear inspired by this redoubtable feudal tyrant in the minds of his vassals and neighbors, that, from four o'clock in the morning, an immense and compact crowd filled the spot designed for the accomplishment of the sanguinary solemnity.

In the middle of the market-place two sinister and lugubrious objects attracted all eyes. The first was a kind of stone pillar, nearly twelve feet high, surrounded at its base by a narrow stand or platform, reached by five wide stone steps, and furnished, at about a quarter of its height, with a massive iron ring, solidly secured between the joints of the stone. This construction represented the pillory. The second object on which the general attention was fixed was a gibbet of oak, painted black, with a ladder reared against it.

The crowd, contrary to its custom, was grave, silent, and self-restrained. Everybody present was well informed of the conduct of the chevalier at the catastrophe of Tauve, and felt both admiration and sympathy for the young man.

At length a shudder ran through the immense circle of spectators gathered about the pillory and the gibbet. The tolling of bells announced the approach of the victim; Raoul, in company with Benoist, in a kind of cart, was coming from the château.

Two companies, each of one hundred armed men, preceded and followed the funeral cortege; the marquis, dressed in complete mail and mounted on a war-horse magnificently harnessed, rode with the rear guard.

Scarcely were the gates of his château closed behind him, than the marquis raised himself in his stirrups, and looked before him with sustained attention, his eyes having rested on a troop of horsemen coming to meet him. Fearing a surprise or treason, he at once commanded a halt, and then spurred forward with a dozen of his men-at-arms in the direction of the unknown cavaliers. Suddenly a flash of fury darted from his eyes, as he recognized at the head of the advancing troop, Monsieur de Canilhac, the Governor of the Province of Auvergne. In the course of a few seconds the two marquises met.

"It is you, Monsieur de Canilhac, is it?" said the Marquis de la Tremblais. "I did not expect either the pleasure or honor of meeting you this morning."



"I HAVE NOTHING BUT MY DEVOTION TO OFFER YOU."

"Be assured, marquis," replied the Governor, "that great as the pleasure in which I ordinarily feel at meeting you, I would willingly have given a thousand crowns rather than have found myself on your path this morning, constrained as I am to act a most ridiculous part."

"In what way, monseigneur?"

"You can hardly fail to see, marquis, that as Governor for his Majesty of the Province of Auvergne, I cannot, without sacrificing all my duties, suffer the royal authority to be invaded. Now, the execution of this Sforzi constitutes, on your part, the crime of *lèse-majesté*—a violation of all existing laws, so manifest that, if committed with my knowledge, I should be bound to oppose it by all means in my power."

"With your knowledge!" repeated the Marquis de la Tremblais, half in astonishment. "Parbleu!—I do not think I have taken much pains to conceal my intentions! You have only to see for yourself."

"I prefer, on the contrary, to see nothing," replied the Governor, "and that is precisely why I am playing at this moment a highly ridiculous part. It is clear, marquis, that two gentlemen like ourselves would make a very ill figure in coming to hostilities on account of the hanging of a mere nameless adventurer. This being so, to shield my responsibility, and at the same time to avoid interfering with your projects, I last night—under pretext of going on a tour of inspection through the province—left my government. My object in doing this is, in case your proceedings should create any unpleasant excitement at Court, to excuse my inaction on the ground of my being absent from Clermont."

"You are now, then, continuing your journey?"

"Precisely; and I should be glad if—to enable me to increase my distance from the scene of your action—you could make it convenient to delay this Sforzi's execution for the space of an hour. You see it is necessary for me to take a good deal of precaution, to avoid all chance of being suspected at Court."

The marquis reflected awhile before returning any answer.

"As your interests are in question," he said, at length, "a little more or less suffering to the adventurer is of no moment. Sforzi can wait."

"A thousand thanks, marquis. By the way," added the Governor, "I must not conceal from you that the noblesse of the province look with anything but favorable eyes on the execution of Sforzi. I therefore, on my own account especially, highly approve of the force you have brought in sight to-day, to insure the accomplishment of your intentions. I should even be glad if you would still increase the strength of your guards. I know that such precautions will lay you open to the suspicion of timidity; but what does that matter, so long as your object is safely attained?"

"Monseigneur!" cried the Marquis de la Tremblais, who had turned pale with rage as he listened to this suggestion of the Governor's, "I am truly sorry not to be able to gratify your wishes. So, because I go abroad accompanied as befits my rank, those clodpoles dare to suspect me of cowardice! Death!—I will prove to them that my presence alone is sufficient to reduce them to silence! Not only will I not increase my escort, but I intend to diminish it,

retaining with me only as many men as will be strictly necessary to keep order in the crowd, and preserve a clear space about the gibbet."

"Ah, marquis, you cannot so easily mean to act so imprudently?"

"What I say I do, monseigneur.—Monsieur de Canilhac, I kiss your hands."

The two gentlemen parted.

"Faith!" said the Marquis de Canilhac, as he rode away, "I think I have not ill-played my part in this abominable comedy. I have more than redeemed the promise I made to Captain de Maurevert—to gain an hour's delay of the execution of his companion in arms. The marquis has fallen with wonderful readiness into the trap laid for his pride. Good!—he is sending back three-quarters of his escort, keeping with him hardly fifty men. De Maurevert is a rough antagonist, and—if he only is in time—the fifty men will be no more than a mouthful to him. I would willingly give a couple of thousand crowns to know that the marquis had been completely baulked. Such an impudent, haughty, and cowardly ruffian deserves, on all accounts, to receive a severe lesson."

While the Governor was riding away with all speed, so as to avoid compromising his neutrality, Diane d'Erlanges and Lehardy, hidden in one of the houses surrounding the market-place, were the prey of deadly anxiety. In vain had Lehardy striven to dissuade his mistress, pointing out to her the terrible consequences to which her temerity might expose her, even imploring her upon his knees to abandon her perilous project. Diane had resisted alike his remonstrances and prayers, and had come to Besse.

At the first stroke of the passing bell she had almost lost consciousness; but, by a supreme effort of will, she had succeeded in conquering her emotion, and when the procession crossed the last drawbridge of the château, resolved and mistress of herself, she awaited with the unconquerable courage of despair whatever was to happen. She was dressed in the costume of a peasant. Under his loose and coarse pourpoint Lehardy wore a coat of mail. A well-sharpened poignard was in his belt; and ready to his hand he had a knotty bludgeon hardened in the fire. For fear of arousing suspicion he had not dared to furnish himself with a sword.

Summoned by a loud and imperative knock at the outer door, Lehardy cautiously drew the bolt, and Captain de Maurevert, also dressed in the complete costume of a mountaineer, entered the cottage.

"Well, captain," instantly cried Diane, "the chevalier?"

"Is on his way, and will be here before long."

So many conflicting and confused thoughts agitated the mind of Diane, that, for a moment, she was incapable of framing a second question; but her despairing look interrogated the captain.

"Alas! my good demoiselle," said De Maurevert sadly, "things are going ill. I greatly fear that dear Raoul will not meet the fate of my other associates, but will be hanged!"

"Ah, captain, captain!"

"Don't distress yourself so. What is the good of lamenting before the time comes?"

"There is no further hope then?"

"Yes and no. The doubtful point is—will the company of cuirassiers I have got together out of the men put under my command by the Marquis de Canilhac arrive in time?—before the crime is accomplished? I hope, without daring to trust."

"And if this company does not arrive, captain, what will you do?"

"Why, of course, I shall get myself killed, giving as much trouble as I can to the men-at-arms of the Marquis de la Tremblais."

"On the prompt arrival or withholding of this company, then, depends entirely the success of your enterprise?"

"Almost, mademoiselle. I have, it is true, planted some of my most devoted peasants in the crowd, but I place little reliance on their assistance. These people only know how to pillage. And, on your side, what have you done, mademoiselle?"

"Lehardy and I have called together those of the old vassals and persons under obligation to my mother, on whom I thought we could depend, and have distributed them among the crowd."

"With orders to obey me?"

"With orders to obey whoever raises his voice in favor of the Chevalier Sforzi."

De Maurevert shook his head in anything but a satisfied manner.

"All that is not worth much!" he muttered.

"Ah!—if I had not set too high a ransom on that scoundrel, De Croixmore, I might now

have him for a useful ally. Only one chance remains for us: that Monsieur de Canilhac has followed to the letter the instructions I gave him; if he has but acted with address the part he undertook to play, my peasants and your vassals may enable us to accomplish the work in hand. It will be a tough task; but death! if it is to be done, it shall be done! What noise is that?—shouts! groans!"

De Maurevert opened the door and looked out.

"My dear mademoiselle!" he cried, turning to Diane, "the moment is come for you to show your courage! Raoul is being brought to the place of execution. Do not look so pale! Death!—if my dear companion is hung, and I by any chance escape, I promise to find you another adorer, even though I have to go to Court to seek him—equal in all respects to our dear chevalier! Farewell for the present—perhaps for ever—my dear Mademoiselle d'Erlanges!"

As he uttered the last word, De Maurevert rushed from the cottage and made his way as near as he could get to the pillory.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A VOW OF VENGEANCE.

At the same moment at which Captain de Maurevert was forcing his way through the close ranks of the spectators, the lugubrious procession turned into the market-place. A murmur of admiration and pity arose from the bosom of the crowd at the sight of Raoul's youth and masculine beauty, and, above all, at the calm and intrepid expression of his countenance.

The wagon bearing the executioner and his victim stopped close to the pillory.

"From the wonderful way in which you play your part, Monsieur de Sforzi," said Benoist, "one might almost suppose you had been hanged several times before. What ease, what dignity! I knew your execution would be a triumph for you!"

The Chief of the Apostles descended and offered his hand to the chevalier. Sforzi made a gesture expressive of disgust, and sprang unaided to the ground. Five or six armed men instantly dismounted from their horses and surrounded him.

However resigned he was, Raoul did not repress a movement of affright and abhorrence on seeing the pillory. Instantly recovering his self-possession, however, he mounted the stone step with a firm tread, and making a tribune of the platform on which he was standing, addressed the crowd:

"O, all you present," he cried in a loud voice, "I take you to witness my innocence and the outrage committed upon me! I owe it to the noble blood which flows in my veins—I owe it to my honor, to protest against the odious abuse of power of which I am the victim! Ready to appear before my Maker, and wholly severed from the bonds of this earth, it is without passion or hatred that, from the depths of my conscience, I proclaim the Sire de la Tremblais a coward and a murderer!"

"By the gallows, monsieur, these are wicked blasphemies!" cried Benoist, who, on a sign from the marquis, sprang upon Raoul, and, with the help of his assistants, stifled the young man's voice with a banlage drawn tightly over his mouth, and firmly secured to the stone pillar.

One of the marquis' heralds immediately advanced to within two paces of the pillory, and unrolled—odious parody of justice—a large sheet of parchment, and began to read the sentence pronounced against the Chevalier Sforzi.

Such was the deathlike silence maintained by the crowd, that not a word or act was lost. While the herald was fulfilling his infamous mission, Captain de Maurevert with clenched hands, bloodshot eyes, and panting chest, had all the difficulty in the world to keep his fury under control. With anxious eye and attentive ear he looked vainly around the outskirts of the market-place; nothing indicated the arrival or approach of the cuirassiers on whom he counted.

As soon as the herald had finished his reading of the sentence, his place was taken by the Chief of the Apostles, who, in his turn, raised his voice:

"Nobles, townsmen, and peasants," he cried, "I, Benoist, the chief executioner of Monseigneur the Marquis de la Tremblais, declare, in the name of my master, that the Sire Sforzi, not having been able to substantiate the quality of noble, to which he pretends, leading to the conclusion that he has unworthily lied in raising this pretension, the said Sforzi shall be treated as a serf. Sforzi, in the name of my master, the Marquis de la Tremblais, the noble and powerful seigneur of divers places, invested with the right of executing justice, I declare you a serf, infamous; and, in the sign of the baseness of your extraction, strike you in the face!"

The Chief of the Apostles, suiting the action to the word, raised his hand and brought it down upon Raoul's cheek. At this odious and degrading contact, the young man, in spite of the bandage over his mouth, uttered a hoarse yell, and writhed with such prodigious violence as to burst the bonds from his arms. An instant later, and he sprang upon one of the men-at-arms placed at the four corners of the scaffold, and wrenched his sword from him.

"Heaven be thanked!" he cried, placing his back against the pillory. "I shall die as a gentleman—sword in hand!"

With such rapidity was that action performed that Raoul already stood on his guard before

one of the marquis' servants had thought of opposing him.

The Marquis de la Tremblais, who so far had remained, in appearance at least, an unmoved spectator of the execution of his victim, uttered an exclamation of rage, and spurring his horse to a gallop through the crowd, in two bounds reached the foot of the pillory.

"Wretches!" he yelled, the froth oozing from his lips while he spoke; "you are twenty, and allow yourselves to be cowed by one man. To the gallows with this rebel! Let the sentence pronounced be instantly executed on him! Let my justice take its course!"

"Your justice, Marquis de la Tremblais, is nothing more than an odious and cowardly murder," cried a powerful voice from the midst of the crowd. "Blood and carnage!—it would be cowardly and vile to allow the Chevalier Sforzi to be longer martyred! Cowards, fall back!—brave men to the front! Death to the tyrant's followers! Down with La Tremblais! Long live the people! Long live the League of Equity! Forward!—forward!"

De Maurevert, the audacious interrupter, tore off the linen smock frock under which he had concealed his war habiliments, and with raised sword and flaming eyes, like the ancient god of battles, rushed towards the pillory.

The crowd for a moment hesitated, but quickly subjugated and carried away by the captain's example, burst into shouts of fury, and followed the steps of De Maurevert. For a minute there was a clinking of arms, cries of rage, groans of pain, wild imprecations, tumult, and indescribable confusion. Little by little the struggle took shape; the *mêlée* became an ordered fight.

A dozen of the townspeople and countrymen were trampled under the horses' hoofs of the men-at-arms, and lay extended on the ground.

Five combatants, whom their well-tended moustaches, cloth doublets, boots garnished with spurs, and hats decorated with plumes, indicated to be provincial nobles, joined De Maurevert in surrounding Raoul, making a rampart for him of their bosoms and swords. Finally, five or six groups of fifteen to twenty men each—groups composed of the old vassals of the Dame d'Erlanges, and the boldest of the soldiers of the League of Equity—were doing their best in the middle of the market-place, holding, if not absolutely in check, at least in suspense, the troops of the Marquis de la Tremblais.

The struggle was too unequal to be long continued. It was evident that the men of the château, with their horses harnessed in steel, and thanks, above all, to their discipline, must easily triumph over their inexperienced adversaries.

Suddenly De Maurevert uttered an exclamation of delight, and in a voice which made itself heard above the noise of the combat:

"Courage, friends!" he cried, "help is coming!"

Almost as he spoke the ground trembled under the heavy tread of a troop of cavalry, and from each of the four corners of the market-place a company of five-and-twenty cuirassiers simultaneously made their appearance.

"By the delights of Master Pluto, I believe we are going to turn the tables!" continued the captain, in his formidable voice. "Hallo, my gentlemen, here—I entrust the chevalier to your safe keeping. I shall be back in a moment."

De Maurevert sprang on the back of a horse of one of the marquis' men who had been brought to the earth, and placed himself at the head of the cuirassiers who had so opportunely arrived.

From that moment the issue of the fight was no longer doubtful. The marquis' men, discouraged, taken by surprise, and inferior in number by more than half to the four detachments of cuirassiers opposed to them, broke up and took to flight in complete disorder.

Not until after he had warmly pursued the flying foe did Maurevert return to the market-place. The first person he perceived was Raoul. He sprang from the saddle, and taking the chevalier's head between his hands, kissed him again and again with transport. Ordinarily so cool, and so completely master of himself, the adventurer was at that moment moved to tears.

"My brave companion," he cried, "for the moment you are out of danger. You have caused me to spend some villainous days and sleepless nights. How glad I am to see you at liberty again! On the faith of a gentleman, but for this affair of the gibbet, I should never have discovered how strongly I am attached to you. That good and pleasant Diane will be delighted, too—she was trembling so for you awhile ago!"

"Is Diane here?" cried he, forgetting at the sound of this name to thank his deliverer. "Let us lose not a moment in assuring her, captain. Where is she? Come, come!"

A minute later, Raoul sprang rather than entered the room in which Diane had taken refuge, and found himself in her presence.

At the apparition of Sforzi, the young girl uttered a scream of joy and surprise; then, turning pale, her bosom heaving with emotion, her eyes overcharged with tears, she seemed for a moment as if bereft of consciousness. The chevalier, not less moved, paused: it was as if he were withheld by some superior power.

For the space of half a minute the two young people looked on each other in silence; then suddenly moved by the same irresistible impulse of passionate delight, both cried:

"Diane!"

"Raoul!"

And, forgetful of the presence of De Maurevert and Lehardy, they threw themselves into each other's arms.

Mademoiselle d'Erlanges was the first to recover the mastery over her emotion. Blushing with modesty, she gently disengaged herself from the chevalier's passionate embrace, and with downcast eyes, confused countenance, and trembling voice, said:

"Monsieur de Sforzi, we have to thank heaven!"

The two knelt and prayed fervently.

"Thunder and furies!" muttered De Maurevert; "I do believe I am crying!"

As for Lehardy, he suffered his tears to flow without trying to conceal them.

The voice of the captain speedily drew Raoul and Diane from their tender ecstasy.

"Come, chevalier," he cried; "we have not a moment to lose. Without the shadow of a doubt this infernal marquis will return with reinforcements, to try and take his revenge. My intention is not to fly, but to get away from this place as quickly as possible. What are your intentions?"

"My intention, captain, is not to leave Mademoiselle d'Erlanges so long as she needs my protection."

De Maurevert shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"That's like youth!" he cried; "forgetful and senseless in the extreme! You talk of protecting Mademoiselle Diane, chevalier, but it has passed clean out of your memory that but a short time ago you were bound up to the pillory out yonder, and on the point of being put to a vile and infamous death. You are promising protection to Mademoiselle d'Erlanges, while the burning of your cheek, still red from its odious contact with the hand of the executioner, ought to remind you of your powerlessness. Can you hope to keep at a respectful distance the formidable forces commanded by the marquis with the point of your own sword alone? By Momus, my young friend, my very dear companion, your answer has not half a grain of common sense in it."

At the recollection of the outrage he had been subjected to—a recollection which his joy at meeting with Diane had for a moment quenched—he bowed his head sadly.

"Mademoiselle," he said, in broken accents, and after a short and bitter silence, "forgive me for having dared to press my lips upon your brow! Yes, yes; the captain is right. I have been unable to defend my honor! I am a coward and a wretch! Honest men may justly shun me with disgust and horror!"

"Good!—now you impute to me things I should never have dreamed of," cried De Maurevert. "A coward! By Jupiter!—my firm belief is, that one of these days you will take a splendid vengeance for the outrage inflicted on you! But, in the first instance, you have to find a place of security."

"Monsieur Sforzi," said Diane, in her turn, "you do yourself injustice. Your conduct has exceeded in energy and nobleness that which any one had a right to look for even in an accomplished gentleman. I too highly respect the memory of the Count d'Erlanges, my late honored father, ever to give my esteem to a man who has disgraced himself. With my hand upon my heart, chevalier—before heaven which hears my words—I declare that I hold you to be the most perfect and loyal gentleman that has ever existed."

"Thanks, thanks!" cried Raoul, with wild delight. "The outrage perpetrated on me was so terrible as to deprive me of my reason. Your generous words have shown me the path I have to follow! The vengeance which shall relieve me of the opprobrium that now hangs upon my name shall be so great and striking, that the very enemies of the marquis shall be constrained to pity him! I will combat and destroy this proud and powerful provincial nobility, which cowardly insults poor gentlemen, pitilessly pillages the people, devastates the country, and believes itself above both human and divine laws. If my word and my sword are not sufficiently strong to raise and guide the oppressed, I will carry my complaints to the foot of the throne; I will address myself to the king!"

"Do it, chevalier!" cried Diane, enthusiastically. "Believe in my presentiments, heaven will bless your efforts, and bring you triumphantly out of the glorious struggle you are undertaking."

"I don't know whether this struggle will prove very profitable," interrupted De Maurevert, "but what I am perfectly sure of is, that it will not even come to a commencement if Monsieur de Sforzi amuses himself any longer in discoursing, instead of thinking of putting himself in some place of security. You may take it for sure that, in less than an hour, the marquis will be back here."

"But if I leave this place," cried Raoul, "what will become of you Diane? If the Seigneur de la Tremblais learns that you are here?—the blood boils in my veins at the bare thought!"

"Monsieur le Chevalier," said Lehardy, who had held himself modestly aloof, "I have no doubt of being able to conduct my honored mistress to Paris in safety, where she will find in her aunt's house a secure asylum."

"To horse, to horse!" cried De Maurevert. "Every moment now passing is worth a year of your existence! To horse, chevalier, and let us start!"

Raoul took leave of Diane.

"Mademoiselle," he murmured, pressing a long, passionate kiss upon her hand, "if you hear of my death be sure that my last thought will have been of you—of you whom I love and shall ever love with the whole strength of my soul."

De Maurevert, fearing to continue the interview longer, spared Diane the embarrassment of replying by quietly taking the chevalier up in his arms and bearing him out of the cottage.

Soon afterwards the two companions, mounted on powerful horses, rode at full speed out of the little town of Besse.

"Excellent De Maurevert," said Raoul, "how you must curse the day when you joined your fate with mine! You see I have not a chance. Why should I draw you into my destruction. Let us break off our engagement; take back your liberty."

"I never break an engagement I have once entered into, my dear friend," replied the captain. "Of course I see plainly enough that I have gained nothing by you directly so far, but my work has not been wholly lost time. By going to see the robber of Croixmore, I realized four hundred crowns; the League of Equity—which I sold much too cheaply, but I was anxious to save you—has brought me in more than double that sum; and lastly, the Marquis de la Tremblais made me a present of a magnificent gold chain. If you had not taken the part of the Dames d'Erlanges, and in doing so incurred the resentment of the marquis, I should not have gone to Croixmore, and all the events which have followed would not have taken place. So that, indirectly, I have not done badly since my association with you—in fact, I freely own that our partnership has been highly satisfactory to me."

While the two companions were riding from Besse at the utmost speed of their steeds, the Marquis de la Tremblais, intoxicated with rage, caused the entire garrison of the château to mount their horses, and sent them out in every direction in pursuit of the fugitives.

His orders were that, in case of resistance on their part, both were to be killed without hesitation.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE STREETS OF PARIS IN 1581.

Towards eight o'clock, on the evening of the 25th of July, 1581, the captain and the chevalier were passing along the bank of the Seine, alongside of the arsenal. The atmosphere, heavy and charged with electricity, announced a coming storm. Not a breath of air was stirring—dark and threatening clouds were banked upon the horizon.

"Chevalier," inquired De Maurevert, "may I ask whether you propose to continue much longer this sentimental and melancholy stroll? It is supper time, and I venture to suggest that we should return to our hostelry, the Stag's Head. Now you are plunged in one of your everlasting reveries and fits of the blue devils! Hallo! do you hear what I am saying, Sforzi? I tell you it is going to rain and thunder furiously."

The chevalier appeared to start as from a dream, and, turning towards his interlocutor with a vague and wondering look, asked:

"Did you speak to me, captain?"

De Maurevert shrugged his shoulders, bit his moustaches, and stamped sharply on the ground.

"By all the saints in Paradise, Raoul!" he cried, "I must, indeed, have taken a furious liking for you to give myself up as I do to the wearisomeness of your society! What the devil ails you? Discouragement has nothing to do with men of your age! That a man may be down in the mouth after a heavy loss at play is understandable; but to fret from morning to night in this way is altogether unreasonable—ridiculous to the last degree! What mortification so particularly galling weighs on your existence? None. You have escaped the gallows; you are young, handsome, brave; you are at Paris—that is to say, at Court; and you have Captain de Maurevert for your associate. What more do you want to make you happy?"

"It is true that you have shown an unequalled devotion towards me, captain," replied the chevalier; "but, unfortunately, your friendship is powerless against the remembrances and disquietudes that oppress me. How can I forget the dangers that threaten Diane? One thought—one terrible thought—pitilessly pursues me: I see Diane in the power of the Marquis de la Tremblais! I hear her calling to me—claiming my love, invoking my courage! I have abandoned her like a coward, while my duty was to have remained near her, to have made for her a shield of my body, to have died at her feet! Ah, captain! why did I follow your counsels?"

"Youth or madness, it is all one!" cried De Maurevert. "What!—instead of rejoicing in the wonderful good luck that attended us on our journey, in the liberty you are at this moment enjoying in Paris, you are now absurdly cursing your fate! You are ungrateful to Providence! I do not deny that Mademoiselle d'Erlanges is a charming and seductive young lady, and worthy of a gentleman's respect and love. I admit that it would be a misfortune if she were to fall into the marquis's hands; but even supposing such a misfortune to come to pass, would there be anything in it to drive you to despair? A thousand times, no! The Court is overflowing with the daughters of rich houses. Please to observe, by the way, that Diane possesses not one crown of fortune. Without doubt, you will make some advantageous alliance that will compensate you for this little love disappointment."

"Forget Diane!" exclaimed Raoul, indignantly. "Never!"

"Why not?" asked the captain, coolly. "I assure you it is easy enough to forget a woman. There! now you are knitting your brows: my language displeases you. Let us change the subject of our conversation. For the fortnight

"Forget Diane!" exclaimed Raoul, indignantly. "Never!"

"Why not?" asked the captain, coolly. "I assure you it is easy enough to forget a woman. There! now you are knitting your brows: my language displeases you. Let us change the subject of our conversation. For the fortnight

we have been in Paris we have done absolutely nothing. It is time we set to work. This morning I saw the Seigneur Tévalet, who is starting with a company of a hundred men to join the king's brother, now besieging Cambric. From there they go together into Flanders. The Seigneur Tévalet has proposed to me to join him, as second captain. Shall I solicit a cornet's commission for you? The troops which follow the fortunes of Monseigneur the Duc d'Alençon enjoy great privileges. The king winks at their peccadilloes. Now, I have not my equal in knowing how to sweep a town or village clean of money. I am strongly inclined to reckon that this journey will be worth four or five thousand crowns to me."

"I thank you, captain. If I were offered the rank of a duke and a hundred thousand crowns in gold to leave Paris, I should decline the offer. I want to see the king."

De Maurevert sighed deeply, and shook his head with an air of pity.

"Poor chevalier!" he cried, "how green you are! You still believe in the justice and power of his majesty Henry III. You imagine that the king, at the recital of your misfortunes, will fly into a passion, and at once send off an army to Auvergne, to punish the Seigneur de la Tremblais? His majesty employs his leisure in a manner infinitely more agreeable to himself and more profitable to his favorites."

"Captain," interrupted Sforzi, "it is not like a faithful servant to speak in this way of his master: the king is not a man—the king represents power and justice. Never will I believe that his majesty, if I succeed in gaining access to him, will refuse me the reparation due to me. Moreover, before I can undertake any kind of office, I have to relieve myself of my dishonor. I seem every moment to feel the infamous contact of Benoist's hand upon my cheek. I no longer belong to myself, but to vengeance."

"So be it, chevalier. Our association leaves you entirely free to act as you please. Try and reach the king's presence, relate to him your misfortunes, endeavor to obtain from him ten thousand men to besiege the Château de la Tremblais; nothing of all this concerns me. Only I cannot refrain from warning you, for the hundredth and last time, that you are going altogether on the wrong road. One last word. If you are in want of money, don't forget that the fourteen hundred crowns got out of the League of Equity, and the ransom of Croixmore, are available, and that it will be a pleasure to me to help you with that sum. Let me at once add, so as not to awaken your susceptibility or shock your delicacy, that I will willingly accept your note of hand in exchange for this loan; and further, as the advance appears to a certain degree hazardous, I will not object to your adding whatever sum by way of interest you may think fit. Now, my dear chevalier, let us return to our hostelry."

"My chest and head are on fire," replied Raoul. "Nothing but bodily fatigue can overcome the agitation of my mind. I prefer to continue my walk."

"As you like. My supper waits; I will leave you. Take care of yourself; the banks of the Seine at night are dangerous; every tuft of grass hides an Italian and a poignard."

"Have I not my sword?"

"And the Italians? You fancy they prowl about with pea-shooters in their hands, I suppose? However, I have given you warning. Good-bye, my dear Raoul."

"Good-bye for the present."

As soon as he was alone, Sforzi abandoned the Quai St. Paul and, absorbed in his reflections, mechanically turned up the first street he came to, which was the Rue Pétit-Muse, which ran alongside of the arsenal and opened into the Rue St. Antoine.

A loud clap of thunder, booming like a discharge of artillery, recalled the chevalier to reality. Large drops of rain began to fall. Judging that the storm would speedily burst forth, and giving up, though not without regret, his solitary walk, he determined to make his way to the Rue des Tournelles, in which the Stag's Head was situated.

Still knowing very little of Paris, and though he was but a short distance from his hostelry, he looked about him for the purpose of finding somebody of whom to inquire his way; but whether it was in consequence of the coming on of the storm or of the approach of night, no one was visible in the street, which appeared completely deserted.

Raoul pursued his way at hazard, and, the storm coming on with great violence, he was soon obliged to seek shelter in a deeply recessed doorway in the wall of the Hotel de Lesdignières, which ran nearly the whole length of the almost uninhabited Rue de la Cerisaie.

The rain fell in torrents.

For nearly ten minutes the chevalier had stood pressed within the doorway, which was sheltering him, when a strange sight attracted his attention.

From an old building, falling into ruin and plunged in darkness, he saw four men, masked and enveloped in heavy Italian cloaks, come out one after the other. Two of these men placed themselves on the right and two on the left-hand side of the street.

Sforzi noiselessly drew his sword and waited and watched in silence.

As hardly a day passed in the year 1581 without an assassination being committed by the crowd of Italian adventurers brought by the Queen Mother into France, Raoul did not long remain in doubt as to the character of the scoundrels ambuscaded on either side of the street. The only point on which he was left in doubt was as to whether they were lying in

wait for a victim already indicated to them, or whether they were trusting to chance to send them a prize.

While greatly regretting the absence of De Maurevert, the chevalier's courage did not in the least waver. He reflected that the Italians were not less renowned for their cruelty and treachery than for their cowardice, and he felt convinced that he should easily make head against this party of adventurers.

Ten minutes—which appeared as long as hours—passed without anything occurring.

At length he perceived, coming from one of the corners of the Rue Neuve St. Paul, a narrow litter carried by two men and lighted by link bearers.

The chevalier was debating with himself whether he should commence the attack, or wait and see what was to happen, when the four men sprang from their hiding-places and rushed towards the litter the first time it entered the Rue Pétit-Muse.

Sword in hand, Raoul flew after them. Fear, lest the crime should be effected before he could oppose it, redoubled his natural agility, and he reached the litter almost at the same moment as the bandits.

A scream of terror came from behind the heavy curtain of the litter, which one of the ruffians had roughly drawn aside.

"Scoundrels!" said Raoul. Then charging the bandit who still held the litter-curtain in his hand, he drove the sword deep into the wretch's breast, who fell bleeding and motionless to the ground.

Without a moment's loss of time, and taking advantage of the surprise which his unexpected attack had caused the bandits, Raoul sprang upon them, crying: "Hallo, Captain De Maurevert! This way, pages and valets, we have them!"

The assassins did not wait to hear more. Frightened out of their wits, they scattered and fled in all directions, leaving the chevalier master of the field.

"Madame," said Raoul, addressing the unknown lady in the litter; "I do not think these rascals will venture to return to the charge. Permit me, however, by way of precaution, to escort you to your destination."

Whether it was from emotion or from distrust, the lady within the litter remained silent for a considerable time before replying to the offer made to her.

"Monsieur," she said at length, in a musical voice, the tones of which penetrated at once to the chevalier's heart, "excuse me if the expression of my gratitude fails in due fervor. I cannot but think with regret that, but for the accident which brought you to this spot, I should now be delivered from the sufferings that weigh upon my life. Do not, I beg of you, take the trouble to follow me. Those who wished to assassinate me may at any moment return, and it would be with sorrow that I should see you fall a victim to your courage and humanity. Once more, I thank you, monsieur, for your good intention. Adieu!"

The answer caused the chevalier singular astonishment. It implied that the disgust of life felt by the unknown lady was perfectly sincere, since, at the moment of escaping from so imminent a danger, she could speak with so much calmness and resolution.

"Madame," he replied, "duty compels me not to quit you until I have seen you in security. I shall do my duty."

The unknown threw herself back in the litter, the curtains of which she drew close. Raoul thought he heard stifled sobs.

Strongly interested by the strangeness of this adventure, he forgot for a moment his own distresses in thinking of the mystery presented by the conduct of the unknown lady.

For a moment the thought crossed his mind that she might be, after all, nothing but an intriguer; but with instinctive indignation he quickly repulsed this odious supposition. At the end of a quarter of an hour, the porters stopped in front of a house of modest appearance, situated near the canal on the vast space, then uninhabited, of the Boulevard of the Porte St. Antoine.

It was not without emotion that the chevalier held out his hand to the unknown lady, to assist her to descend from the litter. He felt a strong desire to see the face of this disconsolate woman, whose voice had so surely found the way to his heart. He was disappointed in his hope, for the lady wore an Italian mask over her features, which were thus perfectly concealed from his sight. He was able to admire, however, the suppleness of her form, the nobleness of her carriage, the graceful ease of all her movements.

As soon as she had descended to the ground, she turned toward the litter and called:

"Phœbus!"

A thoroughbred spaniel, of admirable shape, immediately sprang from the litter, and ran up to Raoul in the most friendly manner.

"Phœbus!" cried the lady again.

But the spaniel paid no heed to her call, and danced and frisked about the chevalier's feet, as if seeking to attract his attention.

"You see, monsieur," said the masked lady, in a tone of heart-melting sadness that brought the tears in Raoul's eyes—"you see that I inspire all that surround me with indifference! Phœbus himself, the spoiled companion of my solitude, abandons me without hesitation for an utter stranger. I was born under a fatal star. It is my destiny to see my affections ceaselessly turned against myself. Monsieur, keep Phœbus; he will be happier with you; he will recall to your mind, if not the service you have

rendered me, at least the courage you have displayed this evening."

"Madame," replied Raoul, somewhat moved, "I know not whether your sorrows arise from a too sensitive imagination, rather than from a real source; but I can assure you that Phœbus will gain nothing by belonging to me. I have always brought misfortune to those I have loved. I no sooner see a ray of sunshine in my sombre sky than the gloom of the storm instantly comes to turn it into darkness! I, too, have often dreamed of the repose of the grave. I too, in my moments of despair, have doubted of heaven's goodness! It is in the name of the torments which these revolts against Providence have made me suffer that I preach resignation and patience to you! I am wrong perhaps, not having the honor to know you, to express myself with such familiar liberty; forgive me, madame. I obey a feeling of sympathy which I find it impossible to repress. I know not whom you are, and I have never even seen you features; yet it seems to me as if I had found in you a long lost sister. Misfortune, perhaps, has bound us together by a mysterious link. I beg of you, madame, to grant me the honor of seeing you again."

"I believe you to be a noble-hearted gentleman, monsieur," replied the unknown lady after a brief pause; "still, before breaking in your favor the solitude in which I live, it is necessary for me to reflect. To admit into my life a stranger on the footing of a brother—"

"Madame," said Raoul, "I am the Chevalier Sforzi—a man without employment, credit, or fortune. I have nothing but my devotion to offer you."

The unknown lady seemed desirous of addressing a question to Raoul; but after a short hesitation, she bowed to him, and moved silently towards the door of the house and knocked. An old man-servant almost instantly opened the door.

The spaniel remained crouched quietly at the chevalier's feet.

"Phœbus!" the lady called gently. The spaniel did not move.

For a moment the unknown appeared undecided; but then she entered the solitary house, and closed the door behind her with a precipitation for which there was no obvious reason.

Sforzi took Phœbus up in his arms, mounted the litter, and directed the porters to carry him to the Stag's Head.

This hostelry situated in the Rue des Tournelles, near the Hospice of Charity, and not far from the School of the Knights of the Crossbow and Arquebuse, founded in 1393, by Charles VI., was at no great distance from the Boulevard St. Antoine. When Raoul arrived, he found De Maurevert seated at supper.

"Devil's horns!" he cried on seeing the young man. "I am delighted to see you back. I was beginning to argue ill from your long absence."

"By my faith, you would not have gone far wrong, captain," replied Raoul; and he proceeded to relate his recent adventure.

"Thunder and lightning!" cried the captain, when Raoul had finished speaking. "To save a lady, covered with jewels like that, and receive nothing for the exploit but a spaniel! My dear chevalier!—it is throwing away your sword! In your place, I should have made at least a thousand crowns out of the affair!"

The next day, towards two o'clock in the afternoon, De Maurevert abruptly entered the chevalier's room, crying:

"Ho, chevalier! here's the king, with all his suite, passing our hostelry, on his way to Bel-Esbat. You could not have a better chance of satisfying your desire to see his majesty. Come quickly!"

Sforzi immediately descended to the door of the hostelry; but when he reached the threshold, the cortège had already passed. He was on the point of returning to his room, when he perceived one of the gentlemen in attendance on the king quit the rank of the royal escort, and gallop back in the direction of the Stag's Head. He remained at the door, to see what was the gentleman's purpose.

The messenger—for such he was—dismounted in front of the Stag's Head, and addressed Raoul himself:

"Monsieur," he said, "is this pretty little spaniel playing at your feet yours?"

"Yes, monsieur," replied the chevalier.

"In that case, monsieur," said the gentleman, "allow me to congratulate you. His majesty has deigned to notice the pretty creature, and I am sent to buy it of you."

"Monsieur," replied Raoul, turning suddenly crimson, "it appears to me that you might easily have delivered your message in a better manner. I am not a dog-seller. His majesty's wishes are to me orders, and"—

"And what price does his majesty offer for this really unique animal?" demanded De Maurevert, abruptly interposing.

The gentleman cast a not very respectful look at the captain; but the colossal height, athletic limbs, and energetic features of the adventurer appeared to him to merit the favor of a response:

"Has this spaniel two masters, then?" he inquired.

De Maurevert winked at Raoul, to let him understand that he was to take no further part in the transaction; then, bowing to his interlocutor, he replied:

"This phenomenon of grace and gentleness belonged, it is true, to the Chevalier Sforzi; but Monsieur le Chevalier has been good enough to part with it to me, in consideration of a sum of money he owed me, and I am now the sole proprietor of this phoenix of spaniels."

"It is with you, then, I have to deal for its purchase?"

"With me alone."

"Well, how much do you ask for the dog?"

"Twenty thousand crowns," replied De Maurevert, coolly.

The gentleman knit his brows.

"Monsieur," he said, "a serious offer on the part of his majesty is not to be met with a bad joke."

"Monsieur," replied De Maurevert, "I am not in the least jocular. I do not intend to part with my Phœbus for less than twenty thousand crowns. I will not abate one denier of that sum!—take it or leave it."

"But this is absurd!"

"Ah, monsieur!—if you knew all the qualities of Phœbus, you would not say that."

"That is your final decision, then?"

"My last word, monsieur."

The gentleman remounted his horse and rode off without deigning to speak another word.

"Have you gone out of your senses, De Maurevert?" cried Raoul. "What is the meaning of this ridiculous demand for twenty thousand crowns?"

"This ridiculous demand, my dear friend, signifies that you know nothing of the affairs of life. What! do you not see that my extravagant demands, by being carried to the king, will rouse his curiosity and double his desire to possess Phœbus? I will lay you a wager that the morning of to-morrow will not pass without his majesty sending us an ambassador. Then will be the time for us to play the magnanimous and the disinterested! You will declare that in your eyes Phœbus is inestimable, that no money could pay for him, but that you will be too happy, and rewarded above your utmost desires, if his majesty will deign to permit you to offer this phoenix of spaniels for his acceptance."

"You are ignorant, my dear Sforzi, of Henry III's passion for spaniels and fops; but I, who know his passion, assure you he will not hesitate to grant you an audience. Now, as your liveliest desire, your fixed idea, indeed, is to speak with the king, I do not think that my conduct in this little affair has been quite so senseless as it has appeared to you."

"Ah, captain!" cried Sforzi, embracing his companion; "you are certainly the most ingenious man of this epoch! To reach the king's presence, to be enabled to lay before him the crimes of the Marquis de la Tremblais, and by obtaining justice to save Diane!—oh, it will be too great a happiness!"

(To be continued.)

NIAGARA.

BY PROF. TYNDALL.

It is one of the disadvantages of reading books about natural scenery that they fill the mind with pictures, often exaggerated, often distorted, often blurred, and, even when well drawn, injurious to the freshness of first impressions. Such has been the fate of most of us with regard to the Falls of Niagara. There was little accuracy in the estimates of the first observers of the cataract. Started by an exhibition of power so novel and so grand, emotion leaped beyond the control of the judgment, and gave currency to notions regarding the waterfall which have often led to disappointment.

A record of a voyage in 1535 by a French mariner named Jacques Cartier, contains, it is said, the first printed allusion to Niagara. In 1603 the first map of the district was constructed by a Frenchman named Champlain. In 1648 the Jesuit Ragueneau, in a letter to his superior at Paris, mentions Niagara as "a cataract of frightful height."† In the winter of 1678 and 1679 the cataract was visited by Father Hennepin, and described in a book dedicated "to the King of Great Britain." He gives a drawing of the waterfall, which shows that serious changes have taken place since his time. He describes it as "a great and prodigious cadence of water, to which the universe does not offer a parallel." The height of the fall, according to Hennepin, was more than 600 feet. "The waters," he says, "which fall from this great precipice do foam and boil in the most astonishing manner, making a noise more terrible than that of thunder. When the wind blows to the south, its frightful roaring may be heard for more than fifteen leagues." The Baron la Hontan, who visited Niagara in 1687, makes the height 800 feet. In 1721 Charlevoix, in a letter to Madame de Maintenon, after referring to the exaggerations of his predecessors, thus states the result of his own observations:—"For my part, after examining it on all sides, I am inclined to think that we cannot allow it less than 140 or 150 feet,"—a remarkably close estimate. At that time, viz. a hundred and fifty years ago, it had the shape of a horse-shoe, and reasons will subsequently be given for holding that this has been always the form of the cataract from its origin to its present site.

* A Discourse delivered in the Royal Institution of Great Britain, on Friday, 4th April, 1873.

† From an interesting little book presented to me at Brooklyn by its author, Mr. Holly, some of these data are derived: Hennepin, Kalm, Bakewell, Lyell, Hall and others, I have myself consulted.

As regards the noise of the cataract, Charlevoix declares the accounts of his predecessors, which, I may say, are repeated to the present hour, to be altogether extravagant. He is perfectly right. The thunders of Niagara are formidable enough to those who really seek them at the base of a Horse-shoe Fall; but on the banks of the river, and particularly above the fall, its silence, rather than its noise, is surprising. This arises, in part, from the lack of resonance, the surrounding country being flat, and therefore furnishing no echoing surfaces to reinforce the shock of the water. The resonance from the surrounding rocks causes the Swiss Reuss at the Devil's Bridge, when full, to thunder more loudly than the Niagara.

On Friday, the 1st of November, 1872, just before reaching the village of Niagara Falls, I caught, from the railway train, my first glimpse of the smoke of the cataract. Immediately after my arrival I went with a friend to the northern end of the American Fall. It may be that my mood at the time toned down the impression produced by the first aspect of this grand cascade; but I felt nothing like disappointment, knowing, from old experience, that time and close acquaintanceship, the gradual interweaving of mind and nature, must powerfully influence my final estimate of the scene. After dinner we crossed to Goat Island, and, turning to the right, reached the southern end of the American Fall. The river is here studied with small islands. Crossing a wooden bridge to Luna Island, and claspings a tree which grows near its edge, I looked long at the cataract, which here shoots down the precipice like an avalanche of foam. It grew in power and beauty as I gazed upon it. The channel spanned by the wooden bridge was deep, and the river there doubled over the edge of the precipice like the swell of a muscle, unbroken. The ledge here overhangs, the water being poured out far beyond the base of the precipice. A space, called the Cave of the Winds, is thus enclosed between the wall of rock and the cataract.

Goat Island terminates in a sheer dry precipice, which connects the American and the Horse-shoe Falls. Midway between both is a wooden hut, the residence of the guide to the Cave of the Winds, and from the hut a winding staircase, called Biddle's Stair, descends to the base of the precipice. On the evening of my arrival I went down this stair, and wandered along the bottom of the cliff. One well-known factor in the formation and retreat of the cataract was immediately observed. A thick layer of limestone formed the upper portion of the cliff. This rested upon a bed of soft shale, which extended round the base of the cataract. The violent recoil of the water against this yielding substance crumbles it away, undermining the ledge above, which, unsupported, eventually breaks off, and produces the observed recession.

At the southern extremity of the Horse-shoe is a promontory, formed by the doubling back of the gorge excavated by the cataract, and into which it plunges. On the promontory stands a stone building, called the Terrapin Tower, the door of which had been nailed up because of the decay of the staircase within it. Through the kindness of Mr. Townsend, the superintendent of Goat Island, the door was opened for me. From this tower, at all hours of the day, and at some hours of the night, I watched and listened to the Horse-shoe Fall. The river here is evidently much deeper than the American branch; and instead of bursting into foam where it quits the ledge, its bends solidly over and falls in a continuous layer of the most vivid green. The tint is not uniform but varied, long stripes of deeper hue alternating with bands of brighter color. Close to the ledge over which the water rolls, foam is generated, the light falling upon which and flashing back from it, is sifted in its passage to and fro, and changed from white to emerald green. Heaps of superficial foam are also formed at intervals along the ledge, and immediately drawn down in long white striae. Lower down, the surface, shaken by the reaction from below, incessantly rustles into whiteness. The descent finally resolves itself into a rhythm, the water reaching the bottom of the Fall in periodic gushes. Nor is the spray uniformly diffused through the air but is wafted through it in successive veils of gauze-like texture. From all this it is evident that beauty is not absent from the Horse-shoe Fall, but majesty is its chief attribute. The plunge of the water is not wild, but deliberate, vast, and fascinating. From the Terrapin Tower, the adjacent arm of the Horse-shoe is seen projected against the opposite one, midway down; to the imagination, therefore is left the picturing of the gulf into which the cataract plunges.

The delight which natural scenery produces in some minds is difficult to explain, and the conduct which it prompts can hardly be fairly criticized by those who have never experienced it. It seems to me a deduction from the completeness of the celebrated Thomas Young, that he was unable to appreciate natural scenery. "He had really," says Dean Peacock, "no taste for life in the country; he was one of those who thought that no one who was able to live in London would be content to live elsewhere." Well, Dr. Young, like Dr. Johnson, had a right to his delights; but I can understand a hesitation to accept them, high as they were, to the exclusion of

That overflowing joy which Nature yields to her true lovers.

* The direction of the wind with reference to the course of a ship may be inferred with accuracy from the foam-streaks on the surface of the sea.

To all who are of this mind, the strengthening of desire on my part to see and know Niagara Falls, as far as it is possible for them to be seen and known, will be intelligible.

On the first evening of my visit, I met, at the head of Biddle's Stair, the guide to the Cave of the Winds. He was in the prime of manhood—large, well built, firm and pleasant in mouth and eye. My interest in the scene stirred up his, and made him communicative. Turning to a photograph, he described, by reference to it, a feat which he had accomplished some time previously, and which had brought him almost under the green water of the Horse-shoe Fall. "Can you lead me there to-morrow?" I asked. He eyed me inquiringly, weighing, perhaps, the chances of a man of light build and with grey in his whiskers in such an undertaking. "I wish," I added, "to see as much of the Fall as can be seen, and where you lead I will endeavor to follow." His scrutiny relaxed into a smile, and he said, "Very well; I shall be ready for you to-morrow."

On the morning, accordingly, I came. In the hut at the head of Biddle's Stair I stripped wholly, and re-dressed according to instructions,—drawing on two pairs of woollen pantaloons, three woollen jackets, two pairs of socks, and a pair of felt shoes. Even if wet, my guide urged that the clothes would keep me from being chilled, and he was right. A suit and hood of yellow oil-cloth covered all. Most laudable precautions were taken by the young assistant of the guide to keep the water out, but his devices broke down immediately when severely tested. We descended the stair; the handle of a pitchfork doing in my case the duty of an alpenstock. At the bottom my guide inquired whether we should go first to the Cave of the Winds or to the Horse-shoe, remarking that the latter would try us most. I decided to get the roughest done first, and he turned to the left over the stones. They were sharp and trying. The base of the first portion of the cataract is covered with huge boulders, obviously the ruins of the limestone ledge above. The water does not distribute itself uniformly among these, but seeks for itself channels through which it pours torrentially. We passed some of these with wetted feet, but without difficulty. At length we came to the side of a more formidable current. My guide walked along its edge until he reached its least turbulent portion. Halting, he said, "This is our greatest difficulty; if we can cross here, we shall get far towards the Horse-shoe."

He waded in. It evidently required all his strength to steady him. The water rose above his loins, and it foamed still higher. He had to search for footing, amid unseen boulders, against which the torrent rose violently. He struggled and swayed, but he struggled successfully, and finally reached the shallower water at the other side. Stretching out his arm, he said to me, "Now come on." I looked down the torrent as it rushed to the river below, which was seething with the tumult of the cataract. De Saussure recommended the inspection of Alpine dangers with the view of making them familiar to the eye before they are encountered; and it is a wholesome custom in places of difficulty to put the possibility of an accident clearly before the mind, and to decide beforehand what ought to be done should the accident occur. Thus wound up in the present instance, I entered the water. Even where it was not more than knee-deep, its power was manifest. As it rose around me, I sought to split the torrent by presenting a side to it; but the insecurity of the footing enabled it to grasp the loins, twist me fairly round, and bring its impetus to bear upon the back. Further struggle was impossible; and feeling my balance hopelessly gone, I turned, flung myself towards the bank I had just quitted, and was instantly swept into shallower water.

The oilcloth covering was a great incumbrance; it had been made for a much stouter man, and standing upright after my submersion, my legs occupied the centres of two bags of water. My guide exerted me to try again. Prudence was at my elbow, whispering dissuasion; but taking everything into account, it appeared more immoral to retreat than to proceed. Instructed by the first misadventure, I once more entered the stream. Had the Alpenstock been of iron, it might have helped me; but as it was, the tendency of the water to sweep it out of my hands rendered it worse than useless. I, however, clung to it by habit. Again the torrent rose, and again I wavered; but by keeping the left hip well against it, I remained upright, and at length grasped the hand of my leader at the other side. He laughed pleasantly. The first victory was gained, and he enjoyed it. "No traveller," he said, "was ever here before." Soon afterwards, by trusting to a piece of driftwood which seemed firm, I was again taken off my feet, but was immediately caught by a protruding rock.

We clambered over the boulders towards the thickest spray, which soon became so weighty as to cause us to stagger under its shock. For the most part nothing could be seen; we were in the midst of bewildering tumult, lashed by the water, which sounded at times like the cracking of innumerable whips. Underneath this was the deep resonant roar of the cataract. I tried to shield my eyes with my hands, and look upwards; but the defence was useless. My guide continued to move on, but at a certain place he halted, and desired me to take shelter in his lee and observe the cataract. The spray did not come so much from the upper ledge as from the rebound of the shattered water when it struck the bottom. Hence the eyes could be protected from the blinding shock of the spray, while the line of vision to the upper ledges re-

mained to some extent clear. On looking upwards over the guide's shoulder, I could see the water bending over the ledge, while the Terrapin Tower loomed fitfully through the intermittent spray gusts. We were right under the tower. A little further on, the cataract, after its first plunge hit a protuberance some way down, and flew from it in a prodigious burst of spray; through this we staggered. We rounded the promontory on which the Terrapin Tower stands, and pushed, amid the wildest commotion, along the arm of the horse-shoe, until the boulders failed us, and the cataract fell into the profound gorge of the Niagara river.

Here my guide sheltered me again, and desired me to look up; I did so, and could see, as before, the green gleam of the mighty curve sweeping over the upper ledge, and the fitful plunge of the water as the spray between us and it alternately gathered and disappeared. An eminent friend of mine often speaks to me of the mistake of those physicians who regard man's ailments as purely chemical, to be met by chemical remedies only. He contends for the psychological element of cure. By agreeable emotions, he says, nervous currents are liberated which stimulate blood, brain, and viscera. The influence rained from ladies' eyes enables my friend to thrive on dishes which would kill him if eaten alone. A sanative effect of the same order I experienced amid the spray and thunder of Niagara. Quickened by the emotions there aroused, the blood sped healthily through the arteries, abolishing introspection, clearing the heart of all bitterness, and enabling one to think with tolerance, if not with tenderness, of the most relentless and unreasonable foe. Apart from its scientific value, and purely as a moral agent, the play, I submit, is worth the candle. My companion knew no more of me than that I enjoyed the wildness; but as I bent in the shelter of his large frame, he said, "I should like to see you attempting to describe all this." He rightly thought it indescribable. The name of this gallant fellow was Thomas Conroy.

We returned, clambering at intervals up and down so as to catch glimpses of the most impressive portions of the cataract. We passed under ledges formed by tabular masses of limestone, and through some curious openings formed by the falling together of the summits of the rocks. At length we found ourselves beside our enemy of the morning. My guide halted for a minute or two scanning the torrent thoughtfully. I said that, as a guide, he ought to have a rope in such a place; but he retorted that, as no traveller had ever thought of coming there, he did not see the necessity of keeping a rope. He waded in. The struggle to keep himself erect was evident enough; he swayed, but recovered himself again and again. At length he slipped, gave way, did as I had done, threw himself flat in the water towards the bank, and was swept into the shallows. Standing in the stream near its edge, he stretched his arm toward me. I retained the pitchfork handle, for it had been useful among the boulders. By wading some way in, the staff could be made to reach him, and I proposed his seizing it. "If you are sure," he replied, "that, in case of giving way, you can maintain your grasp, then I will certainly hold you." I waded in, and stretched the staff to my companion. It was firmly grasped by both of us. Thus helped, though its onset was strong, I moved safely across the torrent. All danger ended here. We afterwards roamed sociably among the torrents and boulders below the Cave of the Winds. The rocks were covered with organic slime which could not have been walked over with bare feet, but the felt shoes effectually prevented slipping. We reached the cave and entered it, first by a wooden way carried over the boulders, and then along a narrow ledge to the point eaten deepest into the shale. When the wind is from the south, the falling water, I am told, can be seen tranquilly from this spot; but when we were there, a blinding hurricane of spray was whirled against us. On the evening of the same day, I went behind the water on the Canada side, which, I confess, struck me, after the experiences of the morning, as an imposture.

Still even this Fall is exciting to some nerves. Its effect upon himself is thus vividly described by Mr. Bakewell, jun.: "On turning a sharp angle of the rock, a sudden gust of wind met us, coming from the hollow between the Falls and the rock, which drove the spray directly in our faces with such force that in an instant we were wet through. When in the midst of this shower-bath, the shock took away my breath; I turned back and scrambled over the loose stones to escape the conflict. The guide soon followed, and told me that I had passed the worst part. With that assurance I made a second attempt; but so wild and disordered was my imagination that when I had reached half-way I could bear it no longer."

To complete my knowledge, it was necessary to see the Fall from the river below it, and long negotiations were necessary to secure the means of doing so. The only boat fit for the undertaking had been laid up for the winter; but this difficulty, through the kind intervention of Mr. Townsend, was overcome. The main one was to secure oarsmen sufficiently strong and skilful to urge the boat where I wished it to be taken. The son of the owner of the boat, a finely-built young fellow, but only twenty, and therefore not sufficiently hardened, was willing to go; and up the river I was informed there lived another man who would do anything with the boat which strength and daring could ac-

complish. He came. His figure and expression of face certainly indicated extraordinary firmness and power. On Tuesday, the 5th of November, we started, each of us being clad in oil-cloth. The elder oarsman at once assumed a tone of authority over his companion, and struck immediately in amid the breakers below the American Fall. He hugged the cross freshets instead of striking out into the smoother water. I asked him why he did so, and he replied that they were directed outwards, not downwards. The struggle, however, to prevent the bow of the boat from being turned by them, was often very severe.

The spray was in general blinding, but at times it disappeared and yielded noble views of the Fall. The edge of the cataract is crimped by indentations which exalt its beauty. Here and there, a little below the highest ledge, a secondary one jets out; the water strikes it and bursts from it in huge protuberant masses of foam and spray. We passed Goat Island, came to the Horse-shoe, and worked for a time along the base of it; the boulders over which Conroy and myself had scrambled a few days previously lying between us and the base. A rock was before us, concealed and revealed at intervals, as the waves passed over it. Our leader tried to get above this rock, first on the outside of it. The water, however, was here in violent motion. The men struggled fiercely, the older one ringing out an incessant peal of command and exhortation to the younger. As we were just clearing the rock, the bow came obliquely to the surge; the boat was turned suddenly round, and shot with astonishing rapidity down the river. The men returned to the charge, now trying to get up between the half-concealed rock and the boulders to the left. But the torrent set in strongly through this channel. The tugging was quick and violent, but we made little way. At length, seizing a rope, the principal oarsman made a desperate attempt to get upon one of the boulders, hoping to be able to drag the boat through the channel; but it bumped so violently against the rock, that the man flung himself back and relinquished the attempt.

We returned along the base of the American Fall, running in and out among the currents which rushed from it laterally into the river. Seen from below, the American Fall is certainly exquisitely beautiful, but it is a mere frill of adornment to its nobler neighbor the Horse-shoe. At times we took to the river, from the centre of which the Horse-shoe Fall appeared especially magnificent. A streak of cloud across the neck of Mont Blanc can double its apparent height, so here the green summit of the cataract shining above the smoke of spray appeared lifted to an extraordinary elevation. Had Hennespin and La Hontan seen the Fall from this position, their estimates of the height would have been perfectly excusable.

From a point a little way below the American Fall, a ferry crosses the river in summer to the Canadian side. Below the ferry is a suspension bridge for carriages and foot-passengers, and a mile or two lower down is the railway suspension bridge. Between the ferry and the latter the river Niagara flows unruffled; but at the suspension bridge the bed steepens and the river quickens its motion. Lower down the gorge narrows and the rapidity and turbulence increase. At the place called the "Whirlpool Rapids," I estimated the width of the river at 300 feet, an estimate confirmed by the dwellers on the spot. When it is remembered that the drainage of nearly half a continent is compressed into this space, the impetuosity of the river's escape through this gorge may be imagined. Had it not been for Mr. Bierstadt, the distinguished photographer of Niagara, I should have quitted the place without seeing these rapids; for this, and for his agreeable company to the spot, I have to thank him. From the edge of the cliff above the rapids, we descended, a little I confess to a climber's disgust, in an "elevator," because the effects are best seen from the water level.

Two kinds of motion are here obviously active, a motion of translation and a motion of undulation—the race of the river through its gorge, and the great waves generated by its collision with, and rebound from, the obstacles in its way. In the middle of the river the rush and tossing are most violent; at all events, the impetuous force of the individual waves is here most strikingly displayed. Vast pyramidal heaps leap incessantly from the river, some of them with such energy as to jerk their summits into the air, where they hang suspended as bundles of liquid spherules. The sun shone for a few minutes. At times the wind coming up the river searched and sifted the spray, carrying away the lighter drops and leaving the heavier ones behind. Wafted in the proper direction, rainbows appeared and disappeared fitfully in the lighter mist. In other directions the common gleam of the sunshine from the waves and their shattered crests was exquisitely beautiful. The complexity of the action was still further illustrated by the fact that in some cases, as if by the exercise of a local explosive force, the drops were shot radially from a particular centre, forming around it a kind of halo.

The first impression, and, indeed, the current explanation of these Rapids is, that the central bed of the river is cumbered with large boulders, and that the jostling, tossing, and wild leaping of the water there are due to its impact against these obstacles. I doubt this explanation; at all events there is another sufficient reason to be taken into account. Boulders derived from the adjacent cliffs visibly cumber the sides of the river. Against these the water rises and sinks rhythmically but violently, large waves being thus produced. On the generation

of each wave there is an immediate compounding of the wave motion with the river motion. The ridges, which in still water would proceed in circular curves round the centre of disturbance, cross the river obliquely, and the result is that at the centre waves commingle which have really been generated at the sides. In the first instance we had a composition of wave motion with river motion; here we have the coalescence of waves with waves. Where crest and furrow cross each other the motion is annulled; where furrow and furrow cross, the river is ploughed to a greater depth; and where crest and crest aid each other, we have that astonishing leap of the water which breaks the cohesion of the crests, and tosses them shattered into the air. From the water level the cause of the action is not so easily seen; but from the summit of the cliff the lateral generation of the waves and their propagation to the centre are perfectly obvious. If this explanation be correct, the phenomena observed at the Whirlpool Rapids form one of the grandest illustrations of the principle of interference. The Nile "cataract," Mr. Huxley informs me, offers examples of the same action.

At some distance below the Whirlpool Rapids we have the celebrated whirlpool itself. Here the river makes a sudden bend to the north-east, forming nearly a right angle with its previous direction. The water strikes the concave bank with great force, and scoops it incessantly away. A vast basin has been thus formed, in which the sweep of the river prolongs itself in gyratory currents. Bodies and trees which have come over the falls are stated to circulate here for days without finding the outlet. From various points of the cliffs above this is curiously hidden. The rush of the river into the whirlpool is obvious enough; and though you imagine the outlet must be visible, if one existed, you cannot find it. Turning, however, round the bend of the precipice to the north-east, the outlet comes into view.

The Niagara season had ended; the chatter of sightseers had ceased, and the scene presented itself as one of holy seclusion and beauty. I went down to the river's edge, where the weird loneliness and loveliness seemed to increase. The basin is enclosed by high and almost precipitous banks—covered, when I was there, with russet woods. A kind of mystery attaches itself to gyrating water, due perhaps to the fact that we are to some extent ignorant of the direction of its force. It is said that at certain points of the whirlpool pine-trees are sucked down, to be ejected mysteriously elsewhere. The water is of the brightest emerald green. The gorge through which it escapes is narrow, and the motion of the river swift though silent. The surface is steeply inclined, but it is perfectly unbroken. There are no lateral waves, no ripples with their breaking bubbles to raise a murmur, while the depth is here too great to allow the inequality of the bed to ruffle the surface. Nothing can be more beautiful than this sloping liquid mirror formed by the Niagara in sliding from the whirlpool.

The green color is, I think, correctly accounted for in "Hours of Exercise in the Alps." In crossing the Atlantic I had frequent opportunities of testing the explanation there given. Looked properly down upon, there are portions of the ocean to which we should hardly ascribe a trace of blue; at the most a tint of indigo reaches the eye. The water, indeed, is practically black, and this is an indication both of its depth and its freedom from mechanically suspended matter. In small thicknesses water is sensibly transparent to all kinds of light; but as the thickness increases, the rays of low refrangibility are first absorbed, and after them the other rays. Where, therefore, the water is very deep and very pure all the colors are absorbed, and such water ought to appear black, as no light is sent from its interior to the eye. The approximation of the Atlantic Ocean to this condition is an indication of its extreme purity.

Throw a white pebble into such water; as it sinks it becomes greener and greener, and, before it disappears, it reaches a vivid blue green. Break such a pebble into fragments, each of these will behave like the unbroken mass; grind the pebble to powder, every particle will yield its modicum of green; and if the particles be so fine as to remain suspended in the water, the scattered light will be a uniform green. Hence the greenness of shoal water. You go to bed with the black Atlantic around you. You rise in the morning and find it a vivid green; and you correctly infer that you are crossing the bank of Newfoundland. Such water is found charged with fine matter in a state of mechanical suspension. The light from the bottom may sometimes come into play, but it is not necessary. A storm can render the water muddy by rendering the particles too numerous and gross. Such a case occurred towards the close of my visit to Niagara. There had been rain and storm in the upper lake regions, and the quantity of suspended matter brought down quite extinguished the fascinating green of the Horse-shoe.

Nothing can be more superb than the green of the Atlantic waves when the circumstances are favorable to the exhibition of the color. As long as a wave remains unbroken no color appears; but when the foam just doubles over the crest like an Alpine snow-cornice, under the cornice we often see a display of the most exquisite green. It is metallic in its brilliancy. But the foam is necessary to its production. The foam is first illuminated, and it scatters the light in all directions; the light which passes through the higher portion of the wave alone reaches the eye, and gives to that portion its matchless color. The folding of the wave, producing, as it does, a series of longitudinal protuberances and

furrows which act like cylindrical lenses, introduces variations in the intensity of the light, and materially enhances its beauty.

We have now to consider the genesis and proximate destiny of the Falls of Niagara. We may open our way to this subject by a few preliminary remarks upon erosion. Time and intensity are the main factors of geologic change, and they are in a certain sense convertible. A feeble force acting through long periods, and an intense force acting through short ones, may produce approximately the same results. To Dr. Hooker I have been indebted for some samples of stones, the first samples of which were picked up by Mr. Hackworth on the shores of Lyell's Bay, near Wellington, in New Zealand. They have been described by Mr. Travers in the Transactions of the New Zealand Institute. Unacquainted with their origin, you would certainly ascribe their forms to human workmanship. They resemble flint knives and spear-heads, being apparently chiseled off into facets with as much attention to symmetry as if a tool guided by human intelligence had passed over them. But no human instrument has been brought to bear upon these stones. They have been wrought into their present shape by the wind-blown sand of Lyell's Bay. Two winds are dominant here, and they in succession urged the sand against opposite sides of the stone; every little particle of sand chipped away its infinitesimal bit of stone, and in the end sculptured these singular forms.*

The Sphinx of Egypt is nearly covered up by the sand of the desert. The neck of the Sphinx is partly cut across, not, as I am assured by Mr. Huxley, by ordinary weathering, but by the eroding action of the fine sand blown against it. In these cases nature furnishes us with hints which may be taken advantage of in art; and this action of sand has been recently turned to extraordinary account in the United States. When in Boston, I was taken by Mr. Josiah Quincy to see the action of the sand-blast. A kind of hopper containing fine silicious sand was connected with a reservoir of compressed air, the pressure being variable at pleasure. The hopper ended in a long slit, from which the sand was blown. A plate of glass was placed beneath this slit, and caused to pass slowly under it; it came out perfectly depolished, with a bright opalescent glimmer, such as could only be produced by the most careful grinding. Every little particle of sand urged against the glass, having all its energy concentrated on the point of impact, formed there a little pit, the depolished surface consisting of innumerable hollows of this description. But this was not all. By protecting certain portions of the surface and exposing others, figures and tracery of any required form could be etched upon the glass. The figures of open iron-work could be thus copied; while wire gauze placed over the glass produced a reticulated pattern. But it required no such resisting substance as iron to shelter the glass. The patterns of the finest lace could be thus reproduced; the delicate filaments of the lace itself offering a sufficient protection.

All these effects have been obtained with a simple model of the sand-blast devised for me by my assistant. A fraction of a minute suffices to etch upon glass a rich and beautiful lace pattern. Any yielding substance may be employed to protect the glass. By immediately diffusing the shock of the particle, such substances practically destroy the local erosive power. The hand can bear without inconvenience a sand-shower which would pulverize glass. Etchings executed on glass with suitable kinds of ink are accurately worked out by the sand-blast. In fact, within certain limits, the harder the surface, the greater is the concentration of the shock, and the more effectual is the erosion. It is not necessary that the sand should be the harder substance of the two; corundum, for example, is much harder than quartz; still, quartz-sand can not only depolish, but actually blow a hole through a plate of corundum. Nay, glass may be depolished by the impact of fine shot; the grains in this case bruising the glass before they have time to flatten and turn their energy into heat.

And here, in passing, we may tie together one or two apparently unrelated facts. Supposing you turn on, at the lower part of a house, a cock which is fed by a pipe from a cistern at the top of the house, the column of water from the cistern downwards, is set in motion. By turning off the cock this motion is stopped; and when the turning off is very sudden, the pipe, if

* "The stones, which have a strong resemblance to works of human art, occur in great abundance, and of various sizes, from half an inch to several inches in length. A large number were exhibited showing the various forms, which are those of wedges, knives, arrow-heads, &c., and all with sharp cutting edges."

"Mr. Travers explained that, notwithstanding their artificial appearance, these stones were formed by the cutting action of the wind-driven sand as it passed to and fro over an exposed boulder-bank. He gave a minute account of the manner in which the varieties of form are produced, and referred to the effect which the erosive action thus indicated would have on railway and other works executed on sandy tracts."

"Dr. Hector stated that although, as a group, the specimens on the table could not well be mistaken for artificial productions, still the forms are so peculiar, and the edges, in a few of them, so perfect, that if they were discovered associated with human works, there is no doubt that they would have been referred to the so-called 'stone period.'"—Extracted from the Minutes of the Wellington Philosophical Society, Feb. 9, 1869.

not strong, may be burst by the internal impact of the water. By distributing the turning of the cock over half a second of time, the shock and danger of rupture may be entirely avoided. We have here an example of the concentration of energy in time. The sand-blast illustrates the concentration of energy in space. The action of flint and steel is an illustration of the same principle. The heat required to generate the spark is intense, and the mechanical action being moderate, must, to produce fire, be in the highest degree concentrated. This concentration is secured by the collision of hard substances. Calc-spar will not supply the place of flint, nor lead the place of steel in the production of fire by collision. With softer substances, the total heat produced may be greater than with the hard ones; but to produce the spark, the heat must be intensely localized.

But we can go far beyond the mere depolishing of glass; indeed, I have already said that quartz sand can wear a hole through corundum. This leads me to express my acknowledgments to General Tilghman,* who is the inventor of the sand-blast. To his spontaneous kindness I am indebted for some beautiful illustrations of his process. In one thick plate of glass a figure has been worked out to a depth of three-eighths of an inch. A second plate seven-eighths of an inch thick is entirely perforated. Through a circular plate of marble, nearly half an inch thick, open work of the most intricate and elaborate description has been executed. It would probably take many days to perform this work by any ordinary process; with the sand-blast it was accomplished in an hour. So much for the strength of the blast; its delicacy is illustrated by a beautiful example of line engraving, etched on glass by means of the blast.†

This power of erosion, so strikingly displayed when sand is urged by air renders us better able to conceive its action when urged by water. The erosive power of a river is vastly augmented by the solid matter carried along with it. Sand or pebbles caught in a river vortex can wear away the hardest rock; "potholes" and deep cylindrical shafts being thus produced. An extraordinary instance of this kind of erosion is to be seen in the Val Tournanche, above the village of this name. The gorge at Handeck has been thus cut out. Such waterfalls were once frequent in the valleys of Switzerland; for hardly any valley is without one or more transverse barriers of resisting material, over which the river flowing through the valley once fell as a cataract. Near Pontresina in the Engadin, there is such a case, the hard gneiss being now worn away to form a gorge through which the river from the Morteratsch glacier rushes. The barrier of the Kirchel above Meyringen is also a case in point. Behind it was a lake, derived from the glacier of the Aar, and over the barrier the lake poured its excess of water. Here the rock being limestone was in great part dissolved, but added to this we had the action of the solid particles carried along by the water, each of which, as it struck the rock, chipped it away like the particles of the sand-blast. Thus by solution and mechanical erosion the great chasm of the Fensterarschlucht was formed. It is demonstrable that the water which flows at the bottoms of such deep fissures once flowed at the level of what is now their edges, and tumbled down the lower faces of the barriers. Almost every valley in Switzerland furnishes examples of this kind; the untenable hypothesis of earthquakes, once so readily resorted to in accounting for these gorges, being now for the most part abandoned. To produce the Cannons of Western America no other cause is needed than the integration of effects individually infinitesimal.

And now we come to Niagara. Soon after Europeans had taken possession of the country, the conviction appears to have arisen that the deep channel of the river Niagara below the falls had been excavated by the cataract. In Mr. Bakewell's "Introduction to Geology," the prevalence of this belief has been referred to: it is expressed thus by Professor Joseph Henry in the Transaction of the Albany Institute:—"In viewing the position of the falls and the features of the country round, it is impossible not to be impressed with the idea that this great natural raceway has been formed by the continued action of the irresistible Niagara, and that the falls, beginning at Lewiston, have, in the course of ages, worn back the rocky strata to their present site." The same view is advocated by Sir Charles Lyell, by Mr. Hall, by M. Agassiz, by Professor Ramsay, indeed by almost all of those who have inspected the place.

A connected image of the origin and progress of the cataract is easily obtained. Walking northward from the village of Niagara Falls by the side of the river, we have to our left the deep and comparatively narrow gorge through

* The absorbent power, if I may use the phrase, exerted by the industrial arts in the United States, is forcibly illustrated by the rapid transfer of men like Mr. Tilghman from the life of the soldier to that of the civilian. General McClellan, now a civil engineer, whom I had the honor of frequently meeting in New York, is a most eminent example of the same kind. At the end of the war, indeed, a million and a half of men were thus drawn, in an astonishingly short time, from military to civil life. It is obvious that a nation with these tendencies can have no desire for war.

† The sand-blast will be in operation this year at the Kensington International Exhibition.

‡ Quoted by Bakewell.

which the Niagara flows. The bounding cliffs of this gorge are from 300 to 350 feet high. We reach the whirlpool, tend to the north-east, and after a little time gradually resume our northward course. Finally, at about seven miles from the present Falls, we come to the edge of a declivity which informs us that we have been hitherto walking on table-land. Some hundreds of feet below is a comparatively level plain, which stretches to Lake Ontario. The declivity marks the end of the precipitous gorge of the Niagara. Here the river escapes from its steep mural boundaries, and in a widened bed pursues its way to the lake which finally receives its waters.

The fact that in historic times, even within the memory of man, the fall has sensibly receded, prompts the question, how far has this recession gone? At what point did the ledge which thus continually creeps backwards begin its retrograde course? To minds disciplined in such researches the answer has been and will be, at the precipitous declivity which crossed the Niagara from Lewiston on the American to Queenston on the Canadian side. Over this transverse barrier the united affluents of all the upper lakes once poured their waters, and here the work of erosion began. The dam, moreover, was demonstrably of sufficient height to cause the river above it to submerge Goat Island; and this would perfectly account for the finding by Mr. Hall, Sir Charles Lyell, and others, in the sand and gravel of the island, the same fluviatile shells as are now found in the Niagara river higher up. It would also account for those deposits along the sides of the river, the discovery which enabled Lyell, Hall, and Ramsay to reduce to demonstration the popular belief that the Niagara once flowed through a shallow valley.

The physics of the problem of excavation which I made clear to my mind before quitting Niagara, are revealed by a close inspection of the present Horse-shoe Falls. Here we see evidently that the greatest weight of water bends over the very apex of the Horse-shoe. In a passage in his excellent chapter on Niagara Falls, Mr. Hall alludes to this fact. Here we have the most copious and the most violent whirling of the shattered liquid; here the most powerful eddies recoil against the shale. From this portion of the fall, indeed, the spray sometimes rises without solution of continuity to the region of the clouds, becoming gradually more attenuated, and passing finally through the condition of true cloud into invisible vapor, which is sometimes reprecipitated higher up. All the phenomena point distinctly to the centre of the river as the place of greatest mechanical energy, and from the centre the vigor of the Fall gradually dies away towards the sides. The horse-shoe form, with the concavity facing downwards, is an obvious and necessary consequence of this action. Right along the middle of the river the apex of the curve pushes its way backwards, cutting along the centre a deep and comparatively narrow groove, and draining the sides as it passes them.* Hence the remarkable discrepancy between the widths of the Niagara above and below the Horse-shoe. All along its course, from Lewiston Heights to its present position, the form of the Fall was probably that of a horse-shoe, for this is merely the expression of the greater depth, and consequently greater excavating power, of the centre of the river. The gorge, moreover, varies in width as the depth of the centre of the ancient river varied, being narrowest where that depth was greatest.

The vast comparative erosive energy of the Horse-shoe Fall comes strikingly into view when it and the American Fall are compared together. The American branch of the upper river is cut at a right angle by the gorge of the Niagara. Here the Horse-shoe Fall was the real excavator. It cut the rock and formed the precipice over which the American Fall tumbles. But since its formation, the erosive action of the American Fall has been almost nil, while the Horse-shoe has cut its way for 500 yards across the end of Goat Island, and is now doubling back to excavate a channel parallel to the length of the island. This point, I have just learned, has not escaped the acute observation of Professor Ramsay.† The river bends; the Horse-shoe immediately accommodates itself to the bending, and will follow implicitly the direction of the deepest water in the upper stream. The flexibility of the gorge, if I may use the term, is determined by the flexibility of the river channel above it. Were the Niagara above the Fall sinuous, the gorge would obediently follow its sinuosities. Once suggested, no doubt geographers will be able to point out many examples of this action. The Zambesi is thought to present a great difficulty to the erosion theory, because of the sinuosity of the chasm below the Victoria Falls. But assuming the basalt to be of tolerably uniform texture, had the river been examined before the formation of this sinuous channel, the present zig-zag course of the gorge below the Fall could, I

* In the discourse of which this paper is a report, the excavation of the centre and drainage of the sides was illustrated by a model devised by my assistant, Mr. John Cottrell.

† His words were:—"Where the body of water is small in the American Fall, the edge has only receded a few yards (where most eroded) during the time that the Canadian Fall has receded from the north corner of Goat Island to the innermost curve of the Horse-shoe Fall."—*Quarterly Journal of Geological Society*, May, 1859.

(Continued on page 380.)

DESMORO;

OR,

THE RED HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWENTY STRAWS," "VOICES FROM THE LUMBER-ROOM," "THE HUMMING BIRD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

After walking some distance, Desmoro and his companion came in sight of a roadside public-house—a small, mean-looking place, in which shone a bright light, thereby denoting that many persons were there assembled.

"They've got lots of customers yonder tonight, else Daddy Rafferty wouldn't be burning so much oil, I'm thinking," said Neddy, who had been silent for some time—silent, because Desmoro was so. "I reckon that I'd best go in myself, and see if they'll let me have a biscuit, or a lump of bread and cheese. Yer must keep yourself out of sight and out of danger. Yer must hide behind some of the bushes hereabouts. When I comes back I'll whistle, if all's safe, then yer can show yourself; but if so be as things is contrariwise in my 'pinion, when yer hears my steps a-coming along, yer'll jest give one little sound, and I'll find out where yer be, and come to yer."

"Very well," agreed Desmoro, at once making towards the neighboring bush. "Don't be long, my lad, for I'm almost dead with hunger."

Neddy now sped along towards the public-house, on reaching which he paused before its entrance for awhile. He could hear loud voices in the front bar, but he could not distinguish the words that were being spoken.

The lad crept to the window, and peered through it; but there was so much tobacco-smoke in the place, that he could see no object plainly.

Anxious to procure food for his hungry friend, Neddy entered the bar, and asked to purchase a slice of bread and cheese.

But scarcely had he spoken, when a strong hand was laid heavily on his shoulder, and, looking round, Neddy saw the overseer of the chain-gang by his side.

"Holloa!" exclaimed the official, "I thought you had 'a awful fever—a ketching one,' eh! you young rascal? How is it that I see you here so far from your lair? You're up to some sort of mischief, I'll be bound for it!"

"I'm up to hunger, sir, and lots on it," returned Neddy, simply. "Folks is always tremendous hungry when they've just got out of fevers, and sich like."

"I say that you've some mischief in hand," pursued the overseer, seizing the lad by his collar, and nearly strangling him. "Come, come, confess, confess, or I'll wring the very life out of your witless body, you scoundrel, you cheat, you—"

"Lor!" ejaculated the maltreated one, assuming a vacant air; "I dunno what yer means."

"You don't know what I mean, you imp of the Old One!" repeated the functionary. "If I take you before a magistrate, he'll soon make you understand what he means. Why did you tell me such a confounded lie this morning? You look as if you had had 'a awful fever,' don't you?"

"I never knows what I looks like, for I haven't no looking-glass to see," Neddy replied, scratching his ear, and laughing sily. "All I knows is, that it would be safer for yer to be a long ways off than so close to me as yer are. But it don't matter a straw to me whether yer ketches the fever or lets it alone, as I has no perticler liking for yer!"

There were present at the time several constables and soldiers, who laughed heartily at the lad's speech, thereby inflaming the overseer's temper—which temper, at the best of times, was far from a gentle one.

"Look here," said the man, who was holding Neddy's collar, "here's a reward of twenty pounds offered for the ruffian that ran away this morning. Now, it strikes me forcibly that you can earn that twenty pounds if you like, for it's my firm belief that you know all about him."

"Me! Lor, I wish to my gracious I did!" answered Neddy, his eyes opened to their fullest extent. "Wouldn't I be rich with twenty pounds! I'd never have to carry water or beat carpets agin as long as ever I lived, if I'd only that much money all my very own!"

"Come, where is he?" said the overseer, exchanging looks with the soldiers, who at once closed round the lad, who exhibited no signs of tremor, but looked about him calmly.

"Blest if I can tell!" said he.

"What are you doing on the road at this hour?" queried the overseer.

"I'm going to gather native currants and five-corners!" was the quick and apparently honest reply.

"What, in the dark?"

"No; when it grows light agin. Please let go my collar, and let me get my bread and cheese in peace. I aren't a mistleling of nobody, and I don't see any reason you has for mistleling of me; sich behavior aren't lawful, I'm sure!"

At this the men all set up a loud laugh.

"Oh, let the fellow go!" cried the sergeant.

"He's a perfect ninny, and knows nothing."

"He's a knave; that's what he is!" returned

the overseer, giving Neddy a parting shake, and then letting him go.

The lad made no answer; but asking for his bread and cheese, paid for it, and slunk to the door, upon the step of which he sat down, watching for an opportunity of stealing silently away.

The men now returned to their glasses, and forgot all about Neddy, who appeared to be munching away at the food in his hands. From time to time he cast hasty glances over his shoulders at the drinkers, who were now boisterously laughing and talking; then he slowly arose, and crept noiselessly away.

Now the lad stopped and glanced behind him. Then he walked onward again, at a pace quicker than before. But after a while he once more paused, and looked in the direction of the public-house.

All was safe, he thought. He heard no foot-steps, and he could see nothing near him but the dark, ghostly-looking bush.

So Neddy whistled quite blithely; and in answer to that preconcerted call, Desmoro emerged from his hiding-place, Olympia's jewel-case still in his possession.

"All's safe, mister," spoke the lad; "and here's something for yer to eat."

Desmoro seized on the food, and began to eat it ravenously.

The night was growing much lighter. A full moon was rising, and all the surrounding objects were gradually becoming clearly discernible. Desmoro and the lad were sitting together by the roadside, at too great a distance from the public-house to hear the sounds of rude revelry issuing from it.

Presently, Neddy's acute and watchful ears, catching the clatter of advancing hoofs, he started up in sudden terror.

"Mister, mister, as sure as a gun there's the mounted pleece a-coming!" he cried out. "I hears their 'countermints a-jingling.'"

Desmoro was on his feet in an instant. He knew well that the police were scouring the country all round about in search of him. He knew, likewise, that they had always a trained bloodhound with them. What—what was he to do now? Whether could he fly in order to escape being taken?

"The bush—the bush! Quick, mister, quick!" said Neddy, in hurried tones. "The hound may not scent us. There's just a chance for us. On, mister—on, for your precious life!" he added, Desmoro and he together plunging through the thick and tangled brushwood, uncertain whether their steps would lead them—

whether into a water-hole, or over a cliff-side, into everlasting forgetfulness and death. The sky had become suddenly overcast, and the moon's bright face was veiled for a time.

They could not proceed otherwise than very slowly through this scrub, which was a perfect tangle of undergrowth, and interlacing vines of different kinds. They were yet near enough to the road to hear the hoofs of the approaching horses.

Desmoro's brow was covered with a dense perspiration, and his heart was throbbing fast and painfully. He literally tore his way onward, regardless of his wounded hands and face, only seeking to put distance 'twixt himself and his pursuers.

Presently they stood in a cleared patch—a patch of about six yards square, and here they paused for the purpose of taking breath.

While they were thus stopping mute and trembling, the moon shone forth again, and a flood of gorgeous, silver light was poured upon the scene.

Desmoro was panting, and his face looked ghastly as the queen of night unveiled herself.

"Mister!" half shrieked Neddy, abruptly. "Listen! I hears the hound yelping! It has scented us!"

"Great heaven!"

"Hush! I have a knife!" said Neddy, in an undertone. "It'll be death for one of us, I desay. I've had a tussle with a dog before to-day. If I kills him, we shall be safe; if he kills me, it'll be all up with you, mister, I'm sorry to say. Here he is—now for it!" he added.

And Desmoro heard the click made by the opening of a clasped knife; and in the next instant, savage yells were resounding in the air, as the brute made its way towards the spot to which his keen scent was directing him.

"Father of heaven, help us!" exclaimed Desmoro, flinging down the jewel-casket, and thus setting both his hands at full liberty.

As he did so, he heard a crash of brushwood, and an animal with flaming eyes made itself visible, and sprang upon Neddy, who was on his guard, ready to receive the savage beast.

There now ensued a frightful but voiceless struggle between the hound, the poor hunted one, and his humble but devoted friend.

The dog was already stabbed in several places, and yelling with pain. But he still fought on, although his wounds were bleeding profusely, and his strength was visibly decreasing.

Desmoro had seized on his hind legs, and the animal writhed and writhed in vain, and received cut after cut from Neddy's clasp-knife, which, owing to its blunt edge, did not prove to be a very efficient weapon. At length, however, Neddy made a lunge, into which he put all his remaining energy, and the steel blade was buried deep in the beast's throat.

And with a groan the creature fell back dead.

Neddy drew forth his knife and sprang up. The lad was covered with gore—with his own and that of the slain brute.

"Safe—safe, mister!" he cried, gaspingly.

"But let's away from here—let's get furdur on yet: we can't lose ourselves hereabouts. They'll be here almost directly—the mounted pleece, I

means! Let's get on furdur—as much furdur as ever we can!"

Get on further! That was easier said than done, for the speaker was quite exhausted by his late dangerous encounter, and after proceeding a few paces onward, he staggered, then dropped in a heap upon the earth.

"Not a step furdur could I go if yer was to offer to make me the governor of all New South Wales," breathed Neddy. "Let's lie quiet; they mayn't find us, after all! Hush! they're a-coming!"

Desmoro held his breath, and crouched by his companion's side. Approaching voices were now heard distinctly.

"It's strange that the hound has ceased his cries," spoke one not far distant from our hero's hiding-place. "Here, Youls! Youls!"

But no dog answered to the call.

Then there was heard a shrill whistle. But the whistle, like the call, was wholly useless.

"Most mysterious!" observed another voice. "I fancy that the dog has lost scent, or perhaps he was on a false one, and has now found his way back to the road; or maybe he's met with some sort of foul play!"

"Foul play?" echoed the first speaker. "It isn't very likely that Youls would put up with such! He's not the fellow to be allured in any way! No, no; not he, indeed!"

Then followed the crush of brushwood, as the men forced their way through the tangled maze, back again to the highway.

Desmoro breathed more freely as he listened to their receding steps, and their voices fading away in the distance. The lad by his side was panting still, and too much exhausted to stir.

Assured of safety, Desmoro now stretched out his weary body, and closed his eyes, anxious to woo sleep, and to close his senses in partial forgetfulness for a time.

Upon this uneasy pallet extending himself, hushed with buzzing night-flies, Desmoro's aching eyelids weighed themselves down, and tired nature obeyed necessity.

The sun was high in the heavens when our two poor houseless ones awoke to the blue sky, the ceaseless hum of the locusts, and the shrill cries of the gaily-plumed parrots hopping from bush to bush around them.

Desmoro raised himself on his elbow, and looked at the stained habiliments and torn hands of his devoted companion.

"What's to be done now, mister?" asked Neddy.

"If we could but find some stream," returned Desmoro; "I am parched with thirst!"

"There's Logan's Brook somewheres about here," said the lad. "Can you walk on a bit, mister, and get a bathe? I'm as stiff as ever I can be."

Desmoro started to his feet, and together they proceeded until they came to a cleared space, in which a clear rilllet was bubbling and babbling over its bright, pebbly bed.

Seldom had any object been more welcome to the eyes of man than was this cool stream to the sight of Desmoro. Its drops were nectar to his parched tongue and throat.

Their thirst being satisfied, Desmoro and his friend now performed their ablutions, which ablutions much refreshed them both; afterwards they sat down on the bank of the trilling waters, and held counsel together as to what it would be safest and best for them to do.

"Look here," said Desmoro, opening the casket, of which he had kept jealous possession all along, having slept with it in his arms. "Look—these are worth a good deal; but the question is, how we are to dispose of them?"

Neddy cogitated for some few seconds.

"Ben," he exclaimed, suddenly; "ay, old Ben's the fellow for that sort of business."

"Are you quite sure of that?" queried Desmoro. "Reflect! we must not act by mere guess work. We have a dangerous business now in hand, and we are both sailing in the same boat, and on the same turbulent waters."

"Yes, yes—I understands!" rejoined the lad, nothing dismayed at his new position, and wholly heedless of its many perils.

Poor fellow! he had known no joys in his weary young life; he had been familiar only with misfortunes—hard pinchings, and haggard, squalid want! No wonder, then, that he had no fears in this business, since he had no happiness to risk, and nothing to lose but his honest name,—which same honest name he had never been taught to prize or respect—nothing ever having preserved him from wrong-doing but the strong arm of the law, and a dread of being sent to work on the treadmill. He had no parents, no shelter, and he was subject to fits, the frequent recurrence of which had somewhat impaired a mind naturally full of shrewdness and intelligence. For years—in fact, for as long as he could remember—he had nightly slept in out-houses, or verandas, or old buildings—or, sometimes, on a doorstep, or in the Government Domain, or the bush. Neddy had been obliged to be content with any sort of resting-place that he could find.

Neddy had sily pilfered scores of times, when driven to do so by sickening, gnawing hunger; but, hitherto, he had no positive dishonesty in his heart. He had never been a thief from choice; nevertheless, I must confess that the rough buffets of the world were beginning to make callous his breast—to render him reckless of what he did.

In this utterly friendless and lonely state of his, it was not strange that his breast had been yearning for something to love—something to cling unto, and serve with a dog-like devotion. The very first tones of Desmoro's voice had attracted him towards the hapless convict, and

filled him with gentle sympathy for one whom he deemed almost as miserable as himself.

But to resume the thread of our conversation.

"You understand matters thoroughly?" said

Desmoro, in answer to Neddy's last words.

The lad nodded his head affirmatively.

"Are you sure that this Jew is to be trusted?" added Desmoro.

"I've always trusted him!" was the frank rejoinder.

"You! I don't comprehend. How did you trust him?"

Neddy hung his head, apparently reluctant to confess what dealings he had had with old Ben; but Desmoro persevered in questioning him, and at length wormed out the whole truth of the matter.

When pressed by harsh want, Neddy had now and then stolen to supply that want, and the Jew had received whatever article he had chanced to carry to him, and that, too, without asking any question whatever.

Desmoro laughed at the lad's confession; but the laugh had no merriment in it—it had a hollow, discordant sound.

"Well," he said, with a reckless air, "what matter, Neddy! We are what the world has made us!"

CHAPTER XXII.

Neddy found his way to Shark Point, and knocked at the door of Ben's dingy dwelling, into which he was admitted without a moment's delay.

Neddy looked full of importance and caution, and the Jew perceived as much.

"Well, my son, and what has brought you here this fine morning?"

"There aren't nobody in the next room?" inquired Neddy.

"No, not a soul."

"You'd better lock the street door, I think," suggested Neddy.

Ben did so at once, and with wonderful alacrity for one of his years. Ben was nearly eighty winters old. He had been a convict, and was all the worse for that fact, for if he did not steal himself he encouraged others to do so, by being ever ready to purchase whatsoever stolen property was brought to him.

But bad as he was, the Jew had not a naturally vicious breast, for he would not hurt a fly, and his hand was constantly performing sundry deeds of charity and mercy.

He lived quite alone, in a tumble-down, weather-board house, waited on himself, eat sparingly, and was never known to drink anything stronger than water. People said that he was amazingly rich, but he always denied that he was so—always pleaded poverty to every one.

Having made the portal secure, Ben regained the side of his visitor.

"Well?" he repeated, interrogatively.

"I'm come to pay you for that there suit of clothes, mister," explained Neddy.

The Jew rubbed his brown, skinny hands, and grinned approvingly.

"Already?"

"Yes; already, mister," replied Neddy, fumbling up his sleeve, and bringing thence a beautiful jewelled bracelet of Indian manufacture, most exquisitely wrought.

"There, take your money out of that, and give me the remainder," said Neddy, placing the article in Ben's hands.

The Jew stared at the trinket; then he examined it minutely, and with critical eye.

"Well—what's it worth?" asked the lad, eagerly. "I've got lots more business to do with yer, mister, and I wants yer to be quick about this perticler affair."

Ben glanced at the speaker, then at the bracelet, which he kept weighing in his palm.

"It's honestly worth ten pound."

Neddy looked up in amazement. He had no idea of the real value of the article, and was astonished to hear the Jew put such a high price upon it.

"And the clothes, mister; how much was they worth?"

"Their weight in solid gold to the man who received them," was the marked rejoinder.

"But, mister, you aren't a-going to expect that much for them?"

"No. Yet I must live."

"In course you must."

"Well, I'll charge for them clothes—which was first-rate articles, every one of them—I'll charge—just charge them five pound."

"That's yer sort, mister; hand over the other five," said Neddy, reckoning on his fingers.

The Jew here produced five dirty one-pound notes, which he placed in his visitor's extended palm.

"Now for furdur business," added Neddy, thrusting the bank papers between the lining and the crown of his battered cabbage-tree hat.

The Jew adjusted his spectacles, and, lifting up a board in the floor, put away the purchase he had just made.

Then Neddy produced the rest of Madame Volderbond's jewels, and demanded of Ben what sum he would give for the whole lot.

The Jew was silent for some minutes, separately examining each and every article before him—bracelets, chains, brooches, rings, earrings and watches, Neddy all the while anxiously watching him.

"Come; how much, mister? I'm in a hurry," said the latter.

"A hundred pounds. Not a single farden more," returned Ben.

"Lor!" ejaculated Neddy, his eyes and

mouth agape with pleased surprise. "I say, mister, you aren't imposing on me?" he added, unable to credit the evidence of his ears; unable to believe that Ben would give so large a sum as that he had just named.

"Imposing on you?" echoed the Jew. "I cannot afford to give you a single farden more than I have said."

The listener still looked incredulous and bewildered.

"Very well, mister," he said, feeling as if he were in a dream; "very well, make haste, and pay me the money, for I've yet got some business to do with yer."

Ben gave utterance to a whistle of astonishment. Then he took out his greasy pocket-book, and counted out in five-pound bank-notes the amount he had agreed to give.

Afterwards, he deposited the jewels in the same place in which the bracelet was already bestowed.

"Now to your other business," said the Jew.

"Me and somebody else 'ill come here to-morrow night for certain articles that a man 'ill want in the bush; yer understand, mister—articles such as he can't go to ask for anywhere else?"

"I comprehend," nodded Ben. "At what hour am I to expect my customer, and by what name shall I know him?"

"Haven't I said that he's a-coming with me, mister?" replied Neddy, somewhat perplexed at Ben's question. "I dunno his right name—for when I asked him for it, he laughed, and told me to call him Red Hand."

"Red Hand?" repeated the other; "that's a strange title, but not a bad one for a bush-ranger."

"Well, I'm off," said Neddy, having scrambled up the notes, and thrust them into the lining of his hat.

"Stop!" cried the Jew; "I think I'd better give you silver for one of those notes, it would excite suspicion for you to ask change for bank-paper."

"Lor, so it would," assented Neddy, holding his hat towards his companion. "What a wise one yer be—got a head on your shoulders, and no mistake, eh! Here, now, jest yer show me which be the piece of paper yer wants."

"Can't you read?"

"Can I jump over the moon, mister?"

"You can count, I reckon?"

"Yes; I've learnt something or other in the kitchens where I helps to clean knives nows and then."

"I'll take, then, a one-pound note and give you in exchange for it twenty shillings."

"All right, mister, and be quick about it."

Accordingly the Jew told the silver coins into the other's palm.

"You have not said at what hour I am to expect you to-morrow eve."

"At dark, mister."

"At dark! Good."

And so saying, Ben unfastened the street door, and showed out his visitor, who cautiously looked up and down the road before he sallied forth on his way.

Neddy now went into a shop and bought a small wicker-basket, which he filled with provisions of various kinds, then observing the greatest watchfulness in all his proceedings, he returned to his friend in the bush.

Desmoro was entirely satisfied with the manner in which Neddy had fulfilled all his commissions, and the lad was well pleased that he had succeeded in giving so much satisfaction.

The runaway and his companion now sat down by the brookside and partook of a capital meal, which they enjoyed immensely. Their fingers were their knives and forks, and the limpid stream before them was the draught which sweetened their repast.

Then Desmoro began to talk of his plans for the future—of what he ought to do, and of what he ought to leave undone, on which occasion Neddy lent sage counsel, to which his listener paid due attention.

Not knowing the real value of the jewels he had just parted with, Desmoro believed that he had been justly dealt with, and was very grateful that he had met with such an accommodating and generous-minded purchaser—with one who asked no questions concerning the property brought to him, but paid for it at once. He felt that the Jew was to be trusted, and, such being his feeling, he remained perfectly tranquil about matters. Desmoro was embarking on a perilous voyage, but he was doing so with his eyes wide open to all the danger that encompassed him—to all the guilt of his pursuit. He was no ignoramus, no skulking idler, no spend-thrift, no lover of strong drinks; he was a man marked by misfortune, crushed by cruel fate! He was possessed of many noble qualities, but his spirit was too proudly impatient to bear up against the trials and severe troubles which were so continuously assailing him. He thought with Shakespeare, that—

"What fates impose, that man must needs abide,
It boots not to resist both wind and tide."

When night and darkness came once more, Desmoro and Neddy—the latter in advance of the former—proceeded to Shark Point and entered the dwelling of Ben the Jew, who was alone, and quite prepared for his expected visitors.

The old man asked no questions, but he peered into our hero's youthful face with a pair of mournful eyes, sighing deeply as he produced the guns, pistols, guns, ammunition, knives, cords and numerous other articles which would be required by one living a bushman's life.

"I'm not a squeamish old fellow, and I'm no

preacher either," observed Ben, addressing his customer; "but I do trust that these weapons will never be stained with human blood!"

"So also trust I," shuddered Desmoro.

"Send to me whenever you stand in need of a friend, Red Hand," pursued the Jew. "I myself have worn the accursed grey and yellows, and can feel for you."

Then Ben, having reckoned up the amount due to him, Desmoro counted out to him several bank-notes, and these business matters were concluded.

The night was as dark a night as could be wished for by our hero and his companion. The back streets were but dimly lighted; two miles hence they could plunge into the screening bush, where they could travel on at their leisure until they were able to find a suitable place of shelter.

The Australian bush never received so young a ranger—so determined a spirit as Desmoro Desmoro.

He was his own commander-in-chief and army; he led no men to share the many dangers he constantly braved, he risked only his own life.

And Red Hand became known and feared all the country round about, and large rewards were offered by Government for his body, alive or dead.

Twist Yass Plains and Sydney there was now no safety for travellers; Red Hand was to be encountered at almost every turn, spreading terror wherever he appeared.

He defied the vigilance of the police, who had in vain endeavored to discover his haunt, and his lawless deeds were of the most daring description.

Far and near, the settler, the stockman, and the shepherd had strange tales to tell of Red Hand, the notorious bushranger. How he had stopped and robbed this person and that, and broken into sundry stores, effecting all his acts of plunder without the firing of a single gun, without a blow, or even a discourteous word.

Desmoro's stalwart figure in itself was quite enough to inspire terror. He was always armed to the teeth, but none could report that he had ever offered personal violence to any one.

Nearly all the gentlemen of Sydney had abandoned the use of gloves; for it was said that Red Hand, disguised, often visited the town, and that he had actually gained an entrance into certain respectable families there.

"He rode off with my favorite mare last week!" one day complained a rich settler, speaking of Red Hand to one of his neighbors. "Confound the fellow, his depredations are seemingly without an end!"

"Was it Fleetfoot he stole?" inquired the other.

"Yes; I hope some day she'll break his neck for him!"

"You hold her at a high price, don't you?"

"Hold her; I wish to gracious I did so at any price whatever. I shall never see her like again. She was to run for the cup at Parramatta races, but—"

"You can get her back if you like—Red Hand will restore her cheerfully."

"Restore her! The outlaw!" exclaimed the settler, quite wrathfully. "Restore be hanged! What do you take me for?"

"I'll lay you a wager of fifty pounds that I'll get him to restore your mare."

"What!" ejaculated the loser of the animal in question, his looks full of astonishment and disbelief. "I think you're a bit cracked—you'll excuse me for speaking so plainly to you."

"I'll get you the beast, neighbor," was the steadfast answer.

The other laughed contemptuously, and turned away.

On the following day a curiously-worded hand-bill was to be seen posted on a tree by the roadside near Parramatta:—

"Red Hand has taken from the paddock of Mr. Riverton, of Cedar Forest, a beautiful and valuable mare, the property of the aforesaid Mr. Riverton, answering the following description:—

"In color, black.
"Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long;
"Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide;
"High-crest, short ears, straight-legs, and passing strong.

"If Red Hand will restore the above-mentioned animal to its paddock, he will win the grateful remembrance and thanks of its rightful owner."

Mr. Riverton flung himself into a tremendous rage when he heard of the absurd handbill, which every one was laughing at and ridiculing. In vain he protested that he knew nothing of the matter—that the bill had been written, printed, and posted without his sanction or knowledge—people only laughed at and ridiculed him the more.

Mr. Riverton, exasperated to the utmost, now sent a challenge to his neighbor, whom he suspected of having concocted the "bill." But that neighbor only laughed with the rest of the folk, and took no notice whatever of his friend's summons to combat.

One morning, two days after the posting of the handbill, Fleetfoot was found quietly grazing in Mr. Riverton's paddock. Tied to her mane was a neatly-written note, the contents of which ran as follows:—

"Red Hand presents his respectful compliments to Mr. Riverton, and begs to restore to

him his beautiful mare, in exchange for which Red Hand takes the bay horse, which animal he trusts Mr. Riverton does not hold in any particular esteem."

Mr. Riverton was absolutely furious now. The bay horse was even more valuable than the mare, and he had lost by the exchange.

"The rascal knows the breed of a horse as well as I do!" cried the settler.

But he kept his complaints to himself this time, lest there should appear another handbill, and he should be again the laughing-stock of the whole country round about.

One day, Desmoro, stopping a man attired as a shepherd, demanded his money of him.

"It's all my savings since I've been a free man," said the shepherd, producing a small canvas bag, containing bank-notes and silver.

Nevertheless, Desmoro took the bag.

It was a common practice with the rich settlers to travel in the guise of stockmen and shepherds. They did so in order to escape the observation and molestation of the bushrangers. But Desmoro was aware of this custom, and when he was on the road, no matter for their garb, he suffered few to pass him.

There was, however, such a look of real anguish in the face of the man now before him, that Desmoro's heart was touched.

"Are you what you seem?" he asked suspiciously.

"Look at my hands," returned the man, showing a pair of toil-hardened palms. "I've been sheep-shearing for the last five weeks; no gentleman ever does such work as that; and I'm going to Sydney to make arrangements to send my money to my poor widowed sister and her five children, in England, and that's the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!"

Desmoro bit his lips, and handed back the bag, which the poor man received with a burst of gratitude and joy.

"How much is there in that bag?" Desmoro inquired.

"A sum that will be a great fortune to my dear sister," rejoined the man. "Ten pounds."

Desmoro opened his wallet, and took thence a bank-note, which he presented to the shepherd, saying, "Make the sum twenty."

The man, astonished and bewildered, seized the skirt of Desmoro's coat, and pressed it to his lips.

"Who are you that both rob and give? You are surely Red Hand?"

"I am he."

And with those words, Desmoro plunged into the thick bush, and was lost to view.

When the shepherd reached Sydney, he of course recounted his late meeting with Red Hand, the bushranger, and likewise the noble manner in which he had been treated by him, praising his name far and near.

This incident, with numerous additions, appeared in the *Sydney Herald*, and in other journals, and nearly everybody was talking of Red Hand and his doings—of his robbing and giving at one and the same moment.

And all who had ever seen him talked loudly of his manly beauty.

Now, Desmoro had a great deal of dramatic talent, which talent he was in the habit of exercising in various ways. For amusement, and for the sake of information respecting many things, he would frequently disguise himself, and, walking miles, visit the neighboring stations, where he was ever hospitably received and entertained, none having any suspicion of who he really was.

And thus years rolled on, years of stormy adventures and wrong-doing for Desmoro.

He often used to sit by his wood fire, watching the curling smoke, dreaming of the past—of his past life amongst the strollers; as he did so, a little graceful form would rise before his mental eye, and a pure, girlish face seemed to be looking into his as it used to look in those days of yore.

Then Desmoro would cover his quivering face with his clasped hands, and groan inwardly; while big drops of moisture started out upon his brow, and his whole frame was shaking convulsively.

"Lost—lost to me for ever!" he would cry, thinking of sweet Comfort Shavings.

Then he would start up and pace his cave to and fro, his fingers tightly clenched, his proud head drooping on his breast, his teeth gnawing his nether lip, while Neddy would sit silently and stealthily watching, wondering wherefore his master was thus troubled.

We have now arrived at that portion of our narrative where we introduced and left Desmoro sitting behind a leafy covert, leaning on his gun, evidently awaiting the arrival of some one.

It was at the close of the day; the sun was going to his rest behind a bank of crimson-tinted clouds, and the whole scene was aglow with a golden light, with the golden rays of departing Sol.

Between the pale red leaves of the young gum-trees glinted rosy beams, which were playing amongst Desmoro's hair, and gilding the beard on his chin.

Presently he started, and, thrusting aside the brushwood screen before him, bent his head attentively.

He could distinctly hear a coachman's whip now—then followed silence—then again the whip reverberated throughout the shady forest glades.

"Aha! the wheels of some vehicle have stuck fast in a rut!" cried Desmoro. "Fortune or Satan favors me."

And rising the bushranger pushed his way into the road, where at a distance he perceived a closed equipage tilted on one side, its wheels

firmly embedded in the soft, yielding earth, its horses madly prancing, struggling to release the conveyance from its enthrallment.

The coachman, who had scrambled off his seat, was lashing the poor animals, and encouraging them by turns, while the carriage creaked and groaned complainingly.

At length, the horses gave up their endeavors, and stood still; hanging their heads, and half-closing their eyes, as much as to say, "We've tried our best, we can't do any more—so lash away as hard as you please!"

Desmoro now heard a woman's voice raised in accents of sorrow and pain.

"Help me out, help me out, Gowland," the voice entreated, in foreign accents. "Poor papa is hurt, I fear. Oh, assist us, assist us!"

With his gun across his shoulder, Desmoro, at hearing these words, rushed down the road, towards the disabled conveyance, through one of the windows of which a lady's head was protruding.

In an instant, Desmoro forgot the bushranger, and remembered only that he was a man, and that a woman was before him in deep distress, and in some danger as well, for, on one side of the vehicle, there yawned an ugly gully, the abode of hundreds of poisonous snakes and other noxious reptiles.

He reached the coachman's side, and rapidly questioned him: "Who are these people?" he haughtily demanded, nodding his head in the direction of the appealing lady.

The man, bewildered at the abrupt query, looked into Desmoro's face and then at his horses, and afterwards at the lady at the carriage window.

"It is the French consul, Monsieur d'Auvergne, and Mademoiselle Marguerite, his daughter," answered the coachman, his senses much troubled by the presence of the formidable-looking newcomer. "I think monsieur is hurt, but I dare not quit my horses."

Desmoro replied not, but flew to the side of the lady, who, seeing his fire-arms, shrank back at his approach.

"Do not fear me, mademoiselle," said Desmoro, with blunt, but not discourteous, manners. "Some one is hurt, I believe?" he added, his head at the window of the vehicle.

"Papa is injured—I don't know how far," returned she. "I fancy he has hurt his shoulder; but see, he is lying in yon corner of the carriage, without sense or motion," she continued, pointing to the figure of a gentleman lying opposite to her.

The above was delivered in detached sentences by lips ashy white, the speaker's eyes full of terror, all the while fixed on Desmoro, who was endeavoring to open the door of the equipage.

The horses had now commenced rearing violently, and the coachman had a difficult task with them. The poor animals were getting frightened, and striving to set themselves free from the trappings about them.

"Calm your beasts, don't irritate them," spoke Desmoro, addressing the man.

"That's more easy to say than do, sir," was the rejoinder.

The door of the conveyance being strained, was held so fast, that Desmoro's utmost strength failed to stir it. He had entirely forgotten his errand of plunder; his every thought now was for the preservation of the unfortunate travellers before him.

At last, Desmoro struck the panels with the butt-end of his gun; and the woodwork giving way, he lifted the lady out, and led her to a place of safety.

"My father—my poor father!" she cried, imploringly. "Oh, monsieur, assist him now!"

Desmoro at once returned to the vehicle, from which, with great difficulty, he dragged an old gentleman (as broad as he was long), in a state of utter insensibility.

(To be continued.)

Heretofore cerebro-spinal meningitis has been considered a sufficient infliction, and the victim and friends have been spared the offices of the poetical obituarist. But no nine-syllable disease can squelch the affluence of this class for ever, and a Philadelphia genius, more malignant than the disease he sings, goes it as follows:—

Our little Sallie did to heaven go;

Baby life so fleet is;

She was afflicted with the cerebro-

Spinal meningitis.

'Tis hard to lose our little Sallie so;

But the reflection sweet is,

That she has gone where there is no cerebro-

Spinal meningitis.

Mr. Kendall, once Uncle Sam's Postmaster-

General, wanting some information as to the

source of a river, sent the following note to a

village postmaster:—"Sir,—This department

desires to know how far the Tombigbee river

runs up?—Respectfully yours, &c. By return

mail came:—"Sir,—The Tombigbee does not

run up up at all; it runs down.—Very respect-

fully yours, &c. Kendall, not appreciating his

subordinate's humour, wrote again:—"Sir,—

Your appointment as postmaster is revoked;

you will turn over the funds, &c., pertaining to

your office to your successor." Not at all dis-

turbed by his summary dismissal, the post-

master replied:—"Sir,—The revenues for this

office for the quarter ending September 30,

have been \$5 cents; its expenditure, same

period, for tallow candles and twine, 1 dollar 5

cents. I trust my successor is instructed to

adjust the balance!"

THE FAVORITE

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1873.

"THE FAVORITE"

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ANOTHER NEW STORY.

We are pleased to be able to announce that we have made arrangements with the world renowned author

MISS M. E. BRADDON

for the production here, simultaneously with its appearance in London, of her new serial story,

PUBLICANS

AND

SINNERS

which will be commenced in an early number, and be handsomely

ILLUSTRATED BY OUR ARTIST.

Miss Braddon's reputation as an author is too well established to need any comment from us. Those of our readers who have had the pleasure of enjoying "Lady Audley's Secret," "To the Bitter End," "The Outcasts," or any of her other works will, no doubt, be glad of an opportunity to peruse her latest production as speedily as it is written.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

It is quite an unusual occurrence in these days of cheap photography to meet any one who has never been "taken." High and low, rich and poor, gentle and simple are all within reach of having their countenances perpetuated, if anyone cares to perpetuate them. Almost every town or village of any pretension boasts its photographer, and nearly every school girl has, at some time or other, saved up money enough to have a dozen or so of *cartes de visite* taken for distribution amongst her intimate friends. Grim old maids, whose sour aspect one might well suppose would turn the stomach of the camera—if it had one to turn—seem to take a fiendish delight in having their features reproduced and distributed amongst their friends; bright-eyed little maidens, staid matrons, venerable dames with silvery locks, erudite lawyers, sapient doctors, learned divines the steady man of business and the dissipated man of pleasure, all seem to take pleasure in having their "counterfeit presentment" produced on paper, glass, metal, china, or some other of the numerous surfaces

on which the perfection of modern photography has made it possible to take a picture. It is rather a pardonable pride to desire to see one's self "in a picture," and photography plays a very important part in the detection of crime; at least twenty-five per cent of the criminals who temporarily escape and are subsequently arrested, are detected by means of photographs, and we believe there is one case on record where a murder was proved by photographing the dead man's eyes, and the face of the murderer, the last object he gazed on, was found reflected then. Many young girls, especially pretty ones have a mania for having photographs taken, and are, frequently very indiscriminate in their distribution of them; now we mean to give these young ladies a few words of advice and caution, and we hope they will profit by them. What becomes of all the photographs which are given away? Do the donors ever think of that? We think if some of the girls who are so free in dispensing their likenesses would consider this question they would hesitate a little before complying with every request to "give me one of your photographs, won't you?" It is, of course, a great comfort to absent friends to receive a photograph of the loved ones; but, the great mass of photograph givers and receivers really care very little about each other, they may have a transient acquaintance or a short-lived friendship, when that dies out what becomes of the photograph? It is thrown into a waste paper basket or spare drawer, or given away, or, if the receiver is a smoker, sometimes cut up into thin slips to serve as cigar or pipe lights. But this is not the worst of it, sometimes photographs get into very improper places, and some very excellent young ladies would be terribly shocked if they only knew where some of their photographs repose at the present moment. So, girls; we have a word of advice for you; be very careful who you give one of your photographs to, whether a male or female acquaintance; for ladies sometimes lend photographs to their gentlemen friends to be copied, and your likeness may, perhaps, be found in the locket of a man you never saw, and have no desire to know.

FUNERAL OF SIR GEO. E. CARTIER.

The *SS. Prussian*, bringing the remains of the late Sir Geo. E. Cartier arrived at Quebec at 1.30 a. m. on Monday, the 9th inst. The body was at once transferred to the Government steamer and placed in the *chapelle ardente* which had been prepared for its reception. At 5.30 in the afternoon a service was held over the remains in the Cathedral, after which the *Druid* started up the river for Montreal. At Three Rivers the body was again taken on shore and a second service held. After some delay at Repentigny the *Druid* arrived at Montreal on Wednesday morning. The remains were taken ashore to the chapel which had been prepared in the Court House, and there remained in state until the day of the funeral. During Wednesday and Thursday thousands of people visited the scene. Shortly after nine on Friday morning the remains were conveyed to the Parish Church of Notre Dame, where a requiem mass was sung by Mgr. Fabre. The service being concluded a procession was formed to the Roman Catholic Cemetery, where the last rites were performed and the body committed to the earth.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for this department should be addressed to J. A. Phillips, Editor FAVORITE.

BLUE-EYED POLLIE.—1. It is not improper for a young lady to be engaged at seventeen, although it is quite early enough. 2. Cecil means dim-sighted, and Ernest means serious. 3. We always return *cartes-de-visite* if a stamp is enclosed for the purpose.

JONES, St. John, N.B., writes: "I would be glad to have you inform me, if you can, whether Mary, the mother of Christ, had any other children? The question is in dispute in this vicinity." Just see that; and we were hopeful enough to suppose that the Bible had reached St. John. Try to procure a copy of the New Testament—we will send you one if it cannot be obtained in St. John—and by turning to the sixth chapter of Mark, third verse, you will find that Christ had four brothers, and sisters.

GRACE.—You would be indeed a very foolish girl if you gave up your love, and made yourself miserable for life, because your friends make fun of your being a little taller than he is! You say he is "a hard-working, industrious and moral young man," and you are certain will make "an excellent husband." Take our advice, and do not be laughed out of becoming the possessor of such a fortunate prize in the lottery of life.

STRADUARIUS.—1. Varnish for Violins.—Take half a gallon of rectified spirits of wine, to which put six ounces of gum mastic and half a pint of turpentine varnish. Put the above in a tin case, keep it in a very warm place, frequently shaking the contents until they form a solution; then strain, and keep for use. Should you find it harder than you desire, you may add a little more turpentine varnish.

MAUDE.—Whipped cream is cream beaten up as much as possible and then flavored, sugared and served according to fancy.

J. D.—The bridegroom frequently gives the bride a present upon her wedding-day; yet it is entirely optional with him. If he possesses great riches, he often gives presents to her sisters and bridesmaids on that joyful occasion; but there is no rule which makes it obligatory upon him to give presents to any one.

NORAH.—1. Sailors' hats are now being worn as bonnets. 2. Your handwriting is quite good enough for the telegraph service. 3. We are pleased you derive such amusement from our stories.

L. N.—The popular preacher, Mr. Charles Haddon Spurgeon, was born at Kelvedon, Essex, June 19, 1834. He first appeared before a London congregation in 1853. His "Tabernacle" in Newington-butt was opened in 1861.

MARIA.—There is a St. Margaret in the calendar. She was one of the most popular saints of the early English Church. She was the daughter of a pagan priest at Antioch, but being a Christian, refused to marry the Roman governor. She was in consequence horribly tortured and beheaded.

L. H. W.—The structure of a person cannot be enlarged by any artificial means, and the advertisement alluded to is nonsensical, if not worse. A liberal diet of oatmeal and milk for young persons tends to promote the size of the bones.

ESTHER.—The deposition of dew is produced by the cooling of the surface of the earth, which takes place previously to the cooling of the atmosphere. The earth is an excellent radiator, while the atmosphere does not possess that property in any sensible degree. Towards evening, therefore, when the solar heat declines, and after sunset, when it entirely ceases, the earth rapidly cools by radiating heat towards the skies, while the air has no means of parting with its heat but by coming into contact with the cooled surface of the earth, to which it communicates its caloric. Its solvent power being thus reduced, it is unable to retain so large a portion of watery vapor, and deposits those pearly drops called dew.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

"Give me your soldiers' bracelets; all Their splendid jewels, great and small, And straight your army shall be led Within the city walls." So said Tarpeia, while the Sabine waits In siege before the Roman gates. Whereat each soldier, filing past The traitress, on her body cast His heavy bracelet; till at last The shining heap became so great, She fell and died beneath their weight. Even so it fares with mortals who With headlong eagerness pursue Ambition, pleasure, wealth, or fame; The glittering prize at which they aim Comes often, like Tarpeia's fate, To bruise and crush them with its weight.

PASSING EVENTS.

THE French Government have decided to transport Henri Rochefort to New Caledonia.

AN official enquiry into the loss of the steamship *Northern*, will be opened at Quebec on Tuesday next.

THE United States ship *Juniata* has been ordered to proceed to Upernavik in search of the crew of the *Polaris*.

GENERAL ROSS of the Oregon Volunteers stoutly denies that any of the men of that organization were concerned in the late murder of the Modoc prisoners.

It is said that the Queen will be sponsor to Lady Dufferin's infant.

THE case for the prosecution in the Tichborne trial will be closed next week.

AMADEUS and his wife have arrived in England, where they intend to spend the summer.

SEVERAL French officials have resigned in consequence of the circular issued by the Minister of the Interior about the press.

DISSENSIONS have taken place among the Carlists, owing to which one of their most successful chieftains has been removed.

A DESPATCH from Rome says that many of the monks belonging to the monasteries which are to be suppressed will go to Bolivia and Chili.

ARMED men said to be Oregon Volunteers fell upon a party of Modoc prisoners and murdered them.

THERE was a rumor that two delegates from Guatemala had waited on President Grant with a proposal for the annexation of that Republic to the United States.

EARL RUSSELL has introduced a bill in the House of Lords to abolish the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and to provide for a conviction in trials by jury when eight jurors so decide.

"SPORADIC cholera," which has prevailed in Memphis and other towns on the Mississippi, and of which several cases are reported from Washington, is in all probability the same as Canadian cholera, *i. e.*, an aggravated form of summer complaint.

URBANO RATTAZZI, the distinguished and eloquent Italian statesman, died on 5th inst. at Frosinone. He was twice Premier of Italy—once in 1862, after the retirement of Ricasoli, and again in 1866-7. The alliance of Italy with France and England was the basis of his policy; and from the declaration of the Italian Parliament that Rome should be the capital he never for a moment swerved. Moral force and diplomacy were the means he relied upon to realize those hopes of unity which Cavour had conjured up in the national mind and which Rattazzi lived to see fully accomplished.

THE Emperor William is reported to be seriously ill and unable to make the contemplated journey to Vienna.

THE fires in the woods in Nova Scotia are still raging in all directions.

M. PIETRI writes to the London papers, denying the authenticity of the appeal in the *Pall Mall Gazette* purporting to emanate from the ex-Empress Eugenie.

THE Governor-General left Ottawa on 10th inst. After remaining at Quebec a short time the vice-regal party proceeds to Tadoussac and the Maritime Provinces.

REPORTS come from New Zealand of the frequent assassination of settlers by the savage mountaineers, and it was thought the colony was on the eve of another Maori war.

THE Carlists are reported to have taken the frontier town of Irun. Twenty-seven prisoners were shot. It is said they had displayed a white flag as a decoy, and when approached had opened fire. For this the Carlists afterwards shot them.

THE Duc de Broglie has addressed a circular to diplomatic agents abroad, saying that the policy of the new Government in France will be moderate at home and pacific abroad, and that all attempts at revolt will be vigorously opposed.

STOKES has been granted a new trial by the Court of Appeals.

THE Cortes favor a national loan, and only in case of its failure will a forced paper currency be sanctioned.

It is rumored in Paris that the German Minister had been recalled for making calls unnecessarily on President MacMahon.

THE new Spanish Ministry had already resigned, their financial measures having been rejected by the Cortes. Senor Figueras essayed to form an administration to succeed it, but failed, and the crisis continued.

DURING a debate in the Assembly on the suppression of a newspaper by the Governor of Paris, Gambetta exposed the tactics of the MacMahon Government by reading a circular recently issued to Prefects, in which those functionaries are directed to make minute enquiries into the circumstances of the Provincial press, and to employ subsidies and other means to bring it under control. The reading of the document made a great sensation.

THE new Spanish Ministry announced its policy to the Cortes. It is substance as follows: The speedy demarcation of the Federal States which are to compose the Republic, the reorganization of the army, martial law to be declared against the insurgents, liberal concessions to the Antilles, abolition of slavery. The deficit is 2,800,000 reals, and the foreign policy will remain unchanged.

DURING a fire in Dublin a crowd bent on plunder attacked the firemen with stones. The Mayor, who was present, was struck by one of these missiles, and finally a detachment of soldiers had to be sent for, when a charge was made on the rioters and a fearful scene ensued, during which many were wounded.

FLORENCE CARR.

A STORY OF FACTORY LIFE.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—Continued.

Unlike John Barker, his companions wore black masks over their faces, though, disguised as they were, you could not but notice the difference between them, and guess, if nothing more, that one might be considered a gentleman. Although the door was noiselessly closed behind them, and they crossed the carpeted room on tiptoe, they had scarcely reached the bed-room, or further door, before it opened suddenly, and Florence and Moll stood on the threshold. For a moment they stood aghast, as though they could not believe their own senses. Then a fight and struggle commenced, which seemed as though it would not be easily terminated.

Florence began to scream, but Moll believing more in muscle and bone, showed a decided tendency to fight.

Of what use, however, was courage or shrieks against the powerful drug with which these men came armed?

The struggle was a sharp, even a fierce one, but it was soon over.

Three men against two women, with chloroform to help them, could not remain long without succeeding in rendering them powerless.

Not only, indeed, were they made insensible with the drug, but gags were forced into their mouths, and two cloaks, with which the men were provided, thrown over and around the two unconscious girls.

A cart was waiting outside, the patient horse needing no one to keep it from moving on without leave, and into this the two masked men carried the two girls, one of them mourning and driving slowly down the lane, while the burliest and stoutest of the three returned to the cottage, in which John Barker was contemplating with a strange look on his evil face, the countenance of his aunt.

The old woman was returning to consciousness, and there her sister's son stood, with murder, intended murder, written legibly enough on his sin-lined face.

"Well, what art thee waiting for?"

It was the masked ruffian who spoke.

"She'll blow on us," was the ominous reply.

"On yo', yo' means," was the significant whisper.

"One and all; us sinks or swims in the same boat. We mun tak' her wi' us."

"Too late. Besides, her'd muddle it all; and remember, if she'd thort on who comed to her house on the night afore Will Bolton war nabbed, mayhap you and him would have changed places."

It scarcely needed this thrust to goad the man on to the commission of the crime he had in his own heart been determined upon.

But he turned on his companion a glance which made even him involuntarily shudder.

The old woman had during this time been reviving, and she sprang up now, fiercely demanding what they did there, and, catching up a knife which lay on the table, the supper things being still there.

A look at each other, and then the two men closed upon her, trying to wrench the knife from her hand.

Old though she might be, she was a powerful woman, and she was armed now with the strength and frenzy of desperation.

In that death struggle not a word was spoken, but the knife had cut the would-be murderer's hands, as well as the arm and breast of his victim, and blood was dropping about in a most uncomfortable manner.

At length, one of them, getting a large clasp knife from his pocket, opened it, and the deed was done.

On the floor lay the victim, and the two men, frightened and appalled at their own deed, seemed for the moment to lose the cool daring and presence of mind which usually befriended them, and to be inspired with terror and alarm at their own work.

"Augh!" exclaimed Bob Brindley, whose mask in the struggle had fallen off; "who'd have thort the old witch had so much strength in her?"

But his companion was trembling—terror-stricken; his only thought was to get away from this dreadful place, and, forgetful that his hat in the struggle had fallen off, he rushed to the door, and the next moment was out in the dark, moonless night.

"Cowardly sneak!" muttered Brindley, with an oath; "but aw'll be even wi' him yet. Here goes for you, Mister Parson."

And he threw something which looked like

a button on the ground by the dead woman's side; then, blowing out the candle, left the house, locking the door, and even padlocking the gate behind him.

His nerves might have been shaken—perhaps they were—but his work was not accomplished, and he soon set off down the lane at a run.

Little more than five minutes had elapsed since the cart left the door of the cottage, and Bob Brindley had not far to run before he came up with it.

"Whar's Jone?" he asked his companion in an undertone.

"I don't know; I have only been walking the horse waiting for both of you. Let us get on quickly. Suppose we are suspected."

"Aye, that would be rayther serious now," was the significant reply.

And he took the reins from the driver's hands.

In doing so, his companion noticed that something wet and clammy seemed to be on the man's hand, and even to stain his own, as though the fellow had been dipping them in wet paint.

So disagreeable was the sensation, that he held up his hand thus tainted to his nose.

But this would not have suited Bob Brindley's schemes.

If there were danger, the clergyman, he was determined should share it, and whatever consequences there might be, bear his full portion of it.

They have paused now.

The men lay down their burdens to rest and table breath, and you can see, as well as the vague glimmer from the shrouded lantern will enable you to distinguish anything, that they are at the mouth of a pit—a coal pit.

Surely they cannot mean so bury the girls alive, or take them down that dark, deep shaft.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

UNDERNEATH THE GROUND.

Were you ever in a coal mine? Perhaps some of my readers will answer "Yes," and if such be the case, I must admit they have the advantage of me.

I never was in a coal mine, and, between ourselves, never intend to go into one, unless, like my two heroines, I am carried there against my will, which I devotedly hope I may not be.



"THERE WAS A REPORT, A FLASH OF LIGHT, AND SILENCE."

It bore on it the smell of blood, and he turned sick and faint at the very thought.

"See, what is that on your hands?" he whispered, fearfully.

"What'll be on yourn if you're not silent," was the fierce rejoinder.

Sidney Beltram, for it was he who sat by that man's side, sank back with a groan.

What were his unholy passions bringing him to and involving him in?—he began to ask himself.

He had never contemplated a worse crime than abduction; now, there was murder to answer for, and the actual perpetrator of the crime could not have shrunk from the thought or memory of it with half the horror which he did.

Thus, on they drove through the still, silent night, the stars gleaming overhead, and the sounds of the busy town for the time hushed to sleep.

At length the driver pulled up in a dark lane, out of the shadow of the side of which a woman emerged, holding in her hand a covered lantern.

You could see by her movements that she was a cripple—had, indeed, but one leg—though her actions were sharp and rapid enough.

"Aw thort summut had gone wrang," she muttered to Brindley, as he alighted.

"So there have; but lend a hand. Ah! what be that?"

And he covered the lantern hastily, for a man's footstep coming at a rapid pace was following as if in pursuit of them.

It was a false alarm, however.

Only John Barker, partly recovered from his terror, came to help them.

The two heavy but motionless girls were slung like the carcasses of some slaughtered animals upon the shoulders of Bob and John.

The hag, with her lantern but half uncovered, led the way, Sidney Beltram, with his mask still on, following what seemed like a funeral cortège.

Not by his own free will was he here.

Gladly would he have paid double the price stipulated upon to have come in and taken the prize when once it was secured.

A lead, silver, or tin mine—in fact, any other mine would, I must admit, be preferable in my eyes to a coal mine as even a temporary refuge.

There is something so exceedingly dirty about coals that one cannot help feeling a repugnance to coming into close contact—unless they be ignited—with the wonderful black diamonds.

In cases like the present, however, no choice is allowed, and the bewilderment of the two stupefied girls when the gags were removed from their mouths and they began to recover from the effects of the chloroform, can be well imagined.

A quantity of straw had been strewn on the ground, upon which they lay.

The roof of the cave-like place in which they were could not have been more than six feet high, and before them, like an evil witch in a fairy tale, stood an old woman, crippled, decrepit, and holding a covered lantern in her hand, the rays of which fell in a grotesque, wierd manner over her and themselves.

Florence closed her eyes again.

She was still dreaming, she assured herself; it was the scene in some pantomime, a fantasy which had taken possession of her brain.

Moll, however, being far less imaginative, saw the figure holding the lantern and recognised it at once.

"Granny Black, where be we, an' why art thou here?"

"Eigh, thee art coming to, lass, art thee?" returned the hag, in a tone of relief.

"Aye; but whar be we, and how art thee here?"

"Time enough to tell thee that arter. How's t'other lass?"

Florence opened her eyes.

It was real, then?

She was not asleep?

And now, vividly enough, the recollection of the last scene in the cottage came before her mind.

She had no need to ask why she was there, or who had brought her, for her eyes had penetrated Sidney Beltram's mask.

She had heard his voice, and she knew that it was as his prize or victim that she was brought here.

Had she been a good woman, the effect of this sudden change of circumstances would have exercised a very different influence upon her mind.

But, under present conditions, her scheming, unscrupulous brain took in all her surroundings, and she was too conscious of, too reliant upon her own powers of fascination, to doubt their efficacy here.

Still it was annoying—terribly so—just as she was about to drift into a quiet, safe harbor, to be thrown once more amid the billows and breakers from which she thought she had escaped.

"He shall pay for this bitterly, fearfully," she mentally vowed.

But she made no comment.

She was sleepy, tired, and felt numb and exhausted with the scene she had gone through, and she turned wearily on her side, and slept.

Yes; strange as it may seem, she actually slept, feeling, perhaps, that the worst had come and she might as well admit, and, for the time, yield to it.

There was a good deal of the sensuous feline instinct in this woman.

She loved luxury, warmth, comfort, and it had been hard for her, harder than for most of her sex, to have to live as she had lived for her last six months, with so little of it.

Yet she had borne it, and now, when wealth and all she could desire was within her grasp, it seemed as though the prize had slipped from her and all was lost.

She was sleepy, however.

What mattered even the destinies of empires in comparison for her craving and need of "Nature's great restorer, balmy sleep?"—and, as I have said, she slept on peacefully as an infant, while poor, guileless, innocent Moll fretted and fumed, and the White Witch, old Granny Black, wondered at her torpor, and feared it was not produced by natural causes.

Even Moll, at last, finding remonstrance useless, and that nothing but the densest darkness prevailed beyond the glimmer of the covered lantern, lay down on the straw again, wrapped herself in the cloak that had been thrown round her, and tried to sleep.

But try as she would, she did not succeed.

Try as she might, she could not drive the idea from her mind, that Willie Bolton's arrest and transportation, and her own and her companion's abduction, all emanated from the same source, and that perhaps she was near the solution of the whole enigma or conspiracy.

She remembered clearly enough that Mrs. Bolton had told her of her nephew's visit the night preceding her son's arrest, and though the significance of the fact had not struck her before, John's active participation in bringing them there seemed to suggest more than a mere idle call on that occasion.

Still she could make nothing very definite out of the whole of it, and at length wearied nature asserted itself, and she fell off into a troubled sleep.

The morning sun which rose so brightly, making its rays seen even through the dense, heavy atmosphere of smoke which Oldham usually rejoiced in, failed to penetrate down to the prison of the two girls, one of whom was to have been a bride this very day.

Only a man well acquainted with the mine could have found this hiding-place for them, or have carried out the design of conveying them there.

It was indeed a deserted working, deserted some months before, and rarely, if ever, visited by any of the miners; even should they return, the chances were greatly in favor of the presence of the two girls there, and against their will, not being discovered.

Bright as the day was on the earth above, a darkness which could be felt enveloped the two girls when they again opened their eyes in their subterranean prison.

Even the hag with her lantern had disappeared, and when they spoke, the sound of their own voices seemed to awaken echoes which startled and frightened them.

Can anything be more terrible to the senses, more bewildering and appalling than complete and utter darkness?

Darkness, too, in a strange place, with possible pitfalls and dangers on every side.

The two girls sat up on their heap of straw and grasped each other's hands, as though to be assured of companionship and mutual sympathy in their sufferings.

Naturally, they were no cowards, and with any palpable and visible danger they could be brave enough, but a nameless terror, which suggested they had been brought there to be immured in a living tomb, deprived them of self-possession, almost of reason.

Of the two, Moll was the most excited and fearful.

She had shouted and screamed until she had become quite hysterical, and all in vain.

They were cold and faint, too, while the atmosphere of the place they were in made breathing a by no means easy or comfortable process.

"Try to be calm, and don't exhaust yourself like this, Moll," urged her companion, at length, getting really alarmed for the girl's sanity.

"What be the use of talking? They've brought us here to die in the dark; aw know they have," was the sobbing reply.

"Nothing of the kind, Moll. They would not have taken so much trouble and run so much risk to kill us. Perhaps it is worse than that. They will be here soon, no doubt. When you are calm, I want to tell you what I shall do."

The positive tone in which Florence spoke had its effect upon her more excitable companion, and after an effort, she said, in a voice less broken than it had been by sobs—

"Aw'm listening, Flo; what be it?"

"Come closer. There may be some one listening."

Moll complied, and her companion began in a tone so low that it was almost a whisper.

"The parson who has gone mad about me, and Bob Brindley, who is determined to have you, will be here soon without doubt. I shall make a show of resistance, and then promise everything—promise only, mind—until we are out of this fearful place; then I shall seize the first opportunity of escaping from or denouncing them."

"For your own sake, Moll, do the same. It is useless for us to rebel against and anger them while we are here and in their power; they might murder us, or leave us to stay here to die of cold and starvation, without ever being detected."

"But thee don't mean to say as thee would yield to 'em, dost thee?"

"No, certainly not; but I would do a great deal, bear a great deal, to live. Oh, Moll," she added, with a burst of feeling, "I cannot, I dare not die!"

"Poor lass," said Moll, whose turn it was now to be comforted; "it be sad to be afeard to die. Aw'd like to live, to be sure, if only to see Willie free ag'in, and hear him tell me as he loved me, but aw'd no consent to any wickedness to save my life; no, aw'd die first."

"But I cannot, I dare not die, Moll. I—I have done—no, I dare not tell you; but I cannot die—I won't die!" she continued, almost fiercely.

"Thee shouldst nat talk like that, Florence, for thar's One above, as knows what be the best for us, and if it be life, or if it be death, he'll sent it, sartin and sure. Aw'm not ower good, Florence, but aw'd like to pray a bit; will thee join me, lass?"

"I cannot—I dare not pray. It is for the penitent, for those who have hope, to pray, and I have none; no, Moll, I won't pray with you. I've made up my mind what to do, and I shall do it. The worst will be if you're left here alone. Do promise me not to be obstinate, and drive that dreadful man to extremities."

"Na, lass, if aw promise, aw's bound to keep my word, and mayhap aw'd be forced to keep it. Aw'll no go to throw my life away, thee mayst be sure on, but aw might buy it at more nor it be worth, and aw'll na go to do that neither."

"Well, Moll, I've told you what I shall do. I wonder what time it is. Just think, this was to have been my wedding morning!—for I suppose it is morning. What a state of wonder everyone will be in!"

"Aye, and Willie's mother; where be she? Aw wonder they'd go to leave her in the house, lest she'd split on 'em."

"Oh, she is all right, no doubt; I wish you'd think of yourself, Moll."

"Aye, aw'm a-going to," was the reply.

And then she knelt on the straw, and began to pray in a low, though audible tone for the safety and welfare of herself and companion.

As for Florence, she threw herself back on the pile of straw, impatiently, almost sulkily.

While in this position, a light glimmered in the distance, at the further end of the gallery, and the sound of footsteps, followed by another light, came to the two prisoners, as the persons carrying the lanterns approached them.

Despite the decision she had arrived at, Florence felt herself shudder with repugnance, when she saw that one of the men that approached her was Sidney Beltram, and the other was Bob Brindley.

Moll had finished her prayer, and rose to her feet as the men reached her side, looking at them with a glance that made even Bob Brindley shrink back for the moment abashed.

"We've brought you summat to eat," he said, quickly recovering his usual effrontery.

"Have you? Make haste and give it to us, for we are cold and faint."

It was Florence who spoke and she drank some wine offered her by Beltram, and began to eat a piece of bread eagerly.

"Why are we brought here, and when are we to leave?" she demanded, a few minutes after.

The wine and food had helped to revive her drooping courage and spirits.

"Come a few steps with me, and I will explain and tell you," was the reply.

She looked at Moll.

But the girl was already in earnest, if not amicable, conversation with Bob Brindley, and with the feeling in her heart that from that moment their paths in life separated and led in totally different directions, she turned to accompany the man who had in his heart forsworn himself, dishonored the name he bore and the calling he had disgraced, and all

through the hoped-for indulgence of his wild and unholy passion.

Yet, scheme, and plot, and plan as he liked, the woman at his side was pretty sure to outwit him.

CHAPTER XI.

FLORENCE YIELDS.

"Now, perhaps, you will explain 'why you brought me here!'"

The speaker was Florence Carr, as she turned suddenly, even angrily, and faced her companion, Sidney Beltram.

"Florence, I love you," was the reply.

"Bah!" she returned, contemptuously, "what is the use of your love? Do you think I have not heard of your vow?" and she laughed mockingly.

"I have broken it in thought, Florence; I will break it in deed. Then ask yourself if I do not love you, when I peril my very soul for your sake."

"And who asked you to make this wonderful sacrifice?" she demanded in the same derisive tone. "I am sure I did not. I was quite satisfied with Frank Gresham, and you might have kept your vows unbroken, and gone to Heaven direct."

And she laughed again, with the same mocking irony.

"Girl! are you mad, or do you want to make me so?" he asked, in a low passionate tone, and he bent down till his hot breath fanned her cold face.

"I tell you," he went on, in the same earnest, intense manner, "that I love you; that I have perilled earth and Heaven to call you mine. It is too late to hesitate or go back now; we live or die together."

"Live or die?" she asked, startled by his tone and words into being more serious.

"Yes, live or die together," he repeated, calmly, though there was a strange, wild light in his eyes, which, however, in the dim, partial light, she could not see or notice.

"You talk wildly," she returned, with something like a sneer. "What would the man who this morning was to have married me, say to your modest assertion?"

"He will have little chance of saying anything worth being listened to, for some days to come," was the dogged reply.

"Why you haven't abducted him too, have you?" she asked, in the same incredulous tone. "No; he is ill, delirious; but there is something worse than that makes this meeting a question of life and death to us."

"What is it? Tell me; I must know all."

She was earnest and serious enough now.

"Ah, I forgot," he said, after a moment's pause, while a bewildered expression seemed to come over his brightly burning eyes. "They say you could not have been married; that there were charges against you, made by some officer in the army to Gresham; I have forgotten what they were, for my brain and heart were on fire. Good Heaven! what is the matter?"

Well might he ask the question, for the woman by his side staggered, and but for a quick movement of his, catching her in his arms, would have fallen.

The light of the lantern, too, falling upon her face, made it look as white as that of a corpse.

"I am faint. This awful place—no air, and no food," she gasped, spasmodically.

"My darling, you have eaten nothing. What a selfish brute I am; here, drink this; it is brandy, and will do you good, and try to eat a mouthful of this biscuit."

And producing a flask of brandy and bag of biscuits from his pockets, he forced some of the spirits down the throat of the agitated and exhausted girl, and succeeded at length in his efforts to revive her.

A change had come over her, however; the contemptuous flippancy of her manner had gone; she was subdued, but earnest and serious enough.

"You were going to tell me why, it was a matter of life and death," she said, slowly.

"Was I? Yes, you must know it at some time; it is best you knew it now. The reason is, Florence, that murder has been done."

It must surely have been the long night's imprisonment that had unhinged her nerves in this manner, for no sooner had Sidney Beltram asserted that murder had been done than she gave a low, frightened shriek of terror, held up her hands as though to ward off some threatened blow, and said, in a frightened excited tone—

"Murder! No, no! I did not do it, I only —" then she paused, gasped for breath, as though to recall what she had said, or repress something she was going to say, and overcome with weakness or horror, sank, a huddled mass, upon the dark ground.

But she was not insensible; consciousness did not desert her, and she was recalled to the necessities of her position by the voice of Sidney Beltram saying—

"Don't, pray don't, yield like this, Florence, or I shall never have courage to tell you of the dreadful crime. I did not do it; I was not a consenting party to it, but part of the blame may fall upon me; only listen, and believe me when I tell you I could not help it. Oh, do not shrink from me so, my darling, when I would give my life, even my very soul for you."

What could he be saying? Think him guilty?

And she pressed her hands over her face, as the question passed through her mind, and tried with all the self-command of which she was capable to conquer and subdue her own terror and emotion, and listen to what her companion was telling her.

With his help she rose to her feet, and the one dim, covered lamp shed but a vague, uncertain light upon her face.

They were out of sight of Moll and Bob Brindley; even the sound of their voice failing to fall upon their ears.

Slowly the full import of what Sidney Beltram was telling her came over her dazed and terrified mind.

She could picture even more vividly than he could paint the scene which Moll Arkshaw's little room had witnessed after she, Moll herself, had been carried away; and, with her keen intellect, she saw at once that her companion was right when he said that in life or in death they must be together.

For her or Moll to return to their old home, even for the fact of their existence to become known, would inevitably place a clue as to the identity of the murderer or murderers of the old woman in the hands of the police, which would lead to their detection and conviction.

That Sidney Beltram was innocent of any active participation in the crime, she did not doubt; but the world, if it guessed of his passion for her, would not believe it; and she knew well enough, now all the facts were before her, that he would carry out his threat of living or dying with her.

Then, too, there was that shadow and stain in her own past life.

With the dread of exposure before her, how was it possible for her to return, resume her old position, and expect Frank Gresham to marry her?

No; the last act in the drama of her life at Oldham, was, she assured herself, played out.

In leaving it, however, she was not as destitute as on that night, little more than six months before, when she had entered the town so weak, ill, and penniless.

Now she had some one to help, shield, and protect her.

True, she had not the least care, regard, or esteem for him, but what did this matter in her eyes?

Her feelings towards the young mill owner, Frank Gresham, had scarcely been of a warmer character; and yet she had been ready and willing enough to marry him.

It was as Beltram had plainly expressed it—a question of life or death.

Life at any price.

This had been her cry from the moment we first met her; this was her still fiercer cry and desire now.

Death had terrors for her that it possessed for but few even of the most deeply-stained criminals; and, as a drowning man clutches at a straw, so she grasped at the chance of escape still open to her.

"What do you propose?" she asked.

"That we leave here, you disguised as much as possible, like an old widowed lady, in fact. That together we travel to Manchester within the next hour, to London by the first train."

"There we will stay and get married, you under an assumed name. Then we will start at once for America or Australia."

"I will write to my friends, to prevent uneasiness and inquiry, telling them I had mistaken my vocation, and, finding it, had left the church, got married, and left England."

"This is my plan, unless you can suggest an improvement on it."

"No, it will do. I am ready."

"Then you will be mine?" he asked, as though doubting the evidence of his own senses.

"You have left me no choice," she replied, coldly.

"My darling! my own!" he cried, clasping her in his arms, and pressing his burning lips to her cold face.

She bore it for a moment very much like a marble statue might have done, without the least emotion or effort at response.

It was only for a moment, however.

Then she slowly, though coldly, disengaged herself.

"You hate me," he said, almost reproachfully.

"No, I don't," was the indifferent reply.

"Then I will teach you to love me. My all-absorbing love for you must and will meet a return."

"Perhaps."

And, though she submitted with a trifle more patience to another embrace, she was cold as ice under it.

"Florence, don't you believe you may learn to love me?" he asked, imploringly.

"Don't you think," he went on, "that you will ever forget that man who was to have made you his wife to-day, and care a little, only a little bit for me?"

"Perhaps," she repeated, in the same constrained manner. "I don't think I loved him, and I don't profess to love you."

"He would have bought me with gold; you buy me with violence and terror. What matters it? I am a wreck, a deserted vessel drifting along at the mercy of wind, wave, and current, the prize of the strongest captor. I am yours now. Are you not satisfied?"

"No; of what use is life on those terms? We cannot be one on earth, but we will die together."

And, to her horror, he drew a revolver from his breast, while the light of madness seemed to gleam from his burning eyes.

"Sidney, if you love me, put away that weapon," she cried, in an agony of terror.

"I did not mean it," she continued, seeing him hesitate. "I—I will try to love you."

Still the weapon was not lowered.

"I—I do love you," she added with a gasp, and drooping her head.

The barest chance, the swerving of a hair's breath, and death would have come to her as she stood there with that lie upon her tongue.

For the hand of that reckless madman had pressed too carelessly upon the lock.

There was a report, a flash of light, a puff of smoke, and silence.

She had felt something whiz by her so closely that she was sure it must have struck her, and it was only when Beltram was about to turn the weapon upon himself that she sprang up and arrested his hand.

"What are you doing? Are you mad! Why will you murder yourself and me?" she asked.

(To be continued.)

THE CRADLE SONG OF THE POOR.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTER.

Hush! I cannot bear to see thee
Stretch thy tiny hands in vain;
Dear, I have no bread to give thee,
Nothing, child, to ease thy pain!
When God sent thee first to bless me,
Proud, and thankful too, was I;
Now, my darling, I, thy mother,
Almost long to see thee die.

Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

I have watched thy beauty fading,
And thy strength sink day by day,
Soon, I know, will Want and Fever
Take thy little life away.
Famine makes thy father reckless,
Hope has left both him and me;
We could suffer all, my baby,
Had we but a crust for thee.

Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

Better thou shouldst perish early,
Starve so soon, my darling one,
Than in helpless sin and sorrow
Vainly live as I have done.
Better that thy angel spirit
With my joy, my peace were flown,
Than thy heart grow cold and careless,
Reckless, hopeless, like my own.

Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

I am wasted, dear, with hunger,
And my brain is all oppress,
I have scarcely strength to press thee,
Wan and feeble, to my breast,
Patience, baby, God will help us,
Death will come to thee and me,
He will take us to his heaven,
Where no want nor pain can be.

Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

Such the plaint that, late and early,
Did we listen, we might hear
Close beside us,—but the thunder
Of a city dulls our ear.
Every heart, as God's bright angel,
Can bid one such sorrow cease;
God has glory when his children
Bring his poor ones joy and peace!

Listen nearer while she sings,
Sounds the fluttering of wings.

LI-PANG.

BY EMMA NAOMI CRAWFORD,

OF PETERBORO', ONT.

I will say that my last missus was just one of the crabbedest-tempered women I ever did see, and I've seen a good few snarly tempers amongst the folks I've lived with the last five years. She was one of them aggravating ones that never gets into a downright passion and gives a person a chance to talk back, but she had a quiet way of managing things that made every one seem wrong but herself, though I will say that when everything went right about the house she was as pleasant as you please.

The first time I ever seen her she was sitting making up things for the poor, and I can tell you it wasn't a bad thing to be a beggar in her good graces, for she was uncommon kind to such, which is more than can be said for some of them sweet-tempered ones.

"You're come to look after the place?" says she, laying down her work and looking at my overskirt. "What's your name?"

"Maria Jane Edgar, ma'am," says I, looking at her very hard, for I didn't like the look she gave my overskirt.

"You won't find it an easy place," she went on. "I always get up at half-past three exactly, and my servants must do so too, and I only keep one girl. What do you think of that?"

"Nothing," says I.

"You're a sensible girl," says she, "and if you suit me as well other ways we'll get on well together. Are you good-tempered? I'm not, but I expect others to be."

"I guess I'm pretty middling," says I, laughing.

Well, we suited each other, and I said I'd stay.

"There's one thing I must tell you, Maria," says she, when I stood up to go; "you can't have any followers. Men are a bad lot, and I never have allowed my servants to have any of

them hanging around my kitchens or gates. I'm willing to give you three evenings out, and all Sundays, but no followers will I allow. I gave my last girl the outside of the door the minute I saw the baker's boy hanging over the gate talking to her, and if I find you bring any hulking fellow round I'll send you off that instant."

"You was married yourself, ma'am," I put in.

"Yes," she answered, "and that's how I came to feel so about it. Mr. Spicer never gave me a minute's peace till he died, and he took most of the good out of that by being so long about it."

The place was a good one—quiet, and not much to do, being only her and me,—and I always managed so that she never suspected that Jim walked home with me every evening, and sometimes came to the back gate of a morning on his way to work, and, in spite of her cranky ways, we got on well enough.

She was the greatest one for taking queer notions, and she'd a scamp of a nephew that was always at some mischief, and kept her up to all sorts of outlandish ways, but I got used to that, and didn't mind much until one day, when she came into the kitchen where I was rinsing clothes, and says she:

"Maria, here's a new servant I've got to help you. Look here!"

I let the tablecloth I was wringing fall right on to the floor.

There was the horriest thing you ever did see standing right behind her, dressed in long blue petticoats, and with a long dirty tail of hair hanging down its back.

"Mercy!" says I; "what is it?"

"It's a Chinaman," says she, "just from California. My nephew got him for me, and he says he speaks English well, and can do almost anything. He was in a hotel. His name is Li-Pang."

"Washee clothes," says the creature with a grin that showed every tooth in his ugly head, and, before I could stop him, if he hadn't plunged his arms into the tub, and was splashing and wringing the things under my very nose!

"That's right," says missus, quite pleased. "My nephew says he's a splendid cook, Maria—can do up frogs most deliciously, and cooks rats and mice so that you wouldn't know them from chicken."

"He'll not cook for me, that's all," says I.

"I didn't mean him to cook," she says; "and may I request, Maria," says she, "that you will show him the ways of the house; and remember that he's only a poor heathen after all!"

Away she went, and left me alone with the nasty beast, and I do believe if I hadn't smelt the pudding burning, I'd have left the house that minute, but that put me off, and just slipping a knife in my pocket, I ran to the oven and pulled it out.

"Him burnee bad!" says the reptile, grinning at me over the stove, and wagging his head till that tail of his danced about his shoulders.

"That's none of your business," says I, pulling the knife out of my pocket and shaking it at him, and I think he was scared bad, for he never said another word until dinner-time, and not much then, but pulled two sticks out of his clothes and kept shovelling the rice-pudding down his throat and looking at me with his crooked little ugly black eyes till I was real mad.

He led me a nice life, I can tell you, knocking me up before daylight to get his breakfast ready, and watching and peeping and prying so that I couldn't so much as run into the woodshed to talk to Jim for a minute but he'd be at my heels, and as for keeping a morsel of pie hidden from him it couldn't be done. Then one day he was watching me on the sly while I was doing up my hair, and the next thing I knew was that he'd stolen my best switch and fastened it unto his dirty pigtail, tied up with my best ribbon.

Missus got quite fond of him, and wouldn't hear of anything being wrong that he did, and the cunning villain found that out quick enough, and even when he killed and cooked Toby, her pet cat, one day when I was sick, she never said a word except that he was used to such things in his own country, and felt lonesome, she supposed, without them. Whenever he'd do anything I didn't like, and I'd threaten to tell the missus, he'd laugh and just say:

"She not mindee. Tellee her much quick!" and then I'd know it would be no use telling her.

Pretty soon I began to see there was something up.

He'd sit for the best part of an hour staring at me sometimes, and whenever there was anything particular good for dinner, he'd pick the best of it out with his chop-sticks and toss it into my plate, and it never made the least difference that I'd throw it into the swill-pail right away, for he'd do it the next time as fresh as paint. Then he spent the most of his time grinning into a little looking-glass that he carried by a string round his neck, and sit pulling them rat's-tails of moustaches of his, and smiling at me till I was sick.

Well, this went on for a month or so, and one night I'd been out taking a walk with Jim. We'd been settling the day for our wedding, and Jim stayed a while at the gate with me. All of a sudden I thought Jim might come in and have some supper with me; so says I:

"Come in, Jim, and take something to eat."

"How about the missus?" says he.

"She's in bed an hour ago, and so's Li-Pang," said I, "so come in and we'll have a comfortable supper."

He came in, and I was just setting a chair for him, when I heard a soft step outside the door, and I'd just time to shove him into the pantry,

when the door opened quite quiet, and Li-Pang put in his yellow face.

"Muchee bully time!" says he, and slips in.

"What are you up for?" says I, real mad, I can tell you.

He stood grinning at me till I thought the top of his head would roll off, and pulling them moustaches of his.

"You bully nicee girl," says he, squinting at me most dismal.

"Supposing I am," said I, as mad as sin, "that's not saying what you're doing up at this time of night, prowling like a vagabond cat."

"Looksee here," says he, catching me by the hand, "you likee me good, I likee you bully big good. Jim muchee fool. Missus got heap dollars. You takee hap, me hap. We go to Foo-Chow and be married. Missus sleep likee fat pig. You stay here. I go strikee her now!" and out he pulls a sharp dinner-knife and starts for the door.

I gave a yell, and out jumped Jim from the pantry and got his arms around his neck before he could give him a prod with the knife.

The row they made fetched the missus in what Jim calls "three jerks of a dead lamb's tail," and she was for pitching into Jim, but I told her how it was, and she laid unto Li-Pang in such style with the poker that between her and Jim they had him in the coal-cellar in five minutes with a broken head, and not a morsel of pigtail left on. He went to jail next morning, and I've not seen him since, for his trial isn't on yet.

I think the missus is done with Chinese servants, and I must say when Jim and me was married she behaved real handsome, and, for its size, there's not a better furnished house in all Montreal than ours.

ENGLISH LOYALTY.

There are some who say that Englishmen love the kingly name so well, that we would shout ourselves hoarse in welcoming at some public banquet his Satanic Majesty himself. If by that is meant that royalty as royalty obtains popular acclamation, I fear the charge is true; but I unhesitatingly declare, that, in the present case, a better element prevails, the signs of which I have seen in many a dimmed eye that has gazed upon the saddened face of Queen Victoria in her widow's weeds. Her life, too, has been just the history that Englishmen love to contemplate. It has not been without its romance. It has been irreproachable; and it has been hallowed by deep affliction. Called by a sudden turn in the wheel of fortune to use the sceptre when most girls have only just laid aside the skipping-rope,—at least in the good old days, when girls were girls a great deal longer than they are at present,—Victoria began by enlisting the personal sympathy of the nation; and to this hour she has never lost it.

The people regarded her then as one who needed their protecting sympathy; and they have, in these later years, come back to the same feeling, although from a different cause. To a nation which sets the highest value upon home life, there was something infinitely touching and noble in the love which bound together the queen and her husband; and all England watched with tenderness the intertwining of two pure and hallowed affections woven together without flaw, and maintained in its integrity till the frosty fingers of Death unravelled the perfect fabric which busy love, during those long, happy, married years, had wrought. Victoria has, during her prosperous reign, most certainly restored to royalty its old prestige; and those who see with their own eyes the effect now produced by her appearance in public will at once understand the personal respect, and even affection, which is the foundation for the sentiment which may be described as loyalty to the queen rather than loyalty to the throne.

Loyalty to the throne in England invariably means hatred to some political party; but loyalty to Victoria may be indulged in without exercising your devotion at some one else's expense. When the Cavaliers used to talk of their loyalty to the throne, they meant undying hatred to the Roundheads, although it must be admitted that they were also animated by personal devotion to their unfortunate king. So in England, at the present moment, when the Conservative party boasts of its loyalty to the throne, it is a pleasant way of having what is termed a fling at their reforming opponents.

When kings and queens were clad in purple and fine gold, and sat upon real thrones, wielding real sceptres, as we see them nowadays upon the stage, when they fulfilled to the last iota all ceremonial observances,—there was a distinct idea in men's minds about the throne. In these days, it is all left to the imagination; and the cheap press, and science of photography, have played immense havoc with the romantic images which people used to set up in their hearts of kings, queens and princes. Royalty did a daring thing when it commenced to have its portraits taken with babies climbing over its shoulders, and pipes in its hand. But in England it can afford to show the people its inner life; it can be thoroughly independent of the tragedy airs and graces which used to be thought indispensable to court-life. In England, our loyalty is rather to the abstract idea of monarchy. The Constitution says to it "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther;" and, with the sharp and well-defined limits which are thus insisted on, we accept our loyalty and are loyal to it. I shall just single out an example or two of the sentiment which is, as I said, loyalty to the queen rather than loyalty to the throne. State occasions are naturally stilted.

The queen in her robes of state, opening parliament, is always dignified and majestic; and the sweet tones of an exquisitely musical voice will ever linger in the memory of those who have had the good fortune to listen to them; but it is when Victoria appears plainest dressed of all the circle of which she is centre, and with her children round her, that the hearts of her people go out towards her with an affection and respect which is accorded to the good mother and true-hearted widow rather than the Queen.

—Emily Faithfull in *Old and New*.

PRICES IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

We are all so proud of the age we live in, that a man who is bold enough to come forward as *laudator temporis acti* stands a very fair chance of being laughed at for his pains. But with the almost universal wall about the terribly high prices we have to pay for the bare necessities of life, we may be excused, perhaps, for thinking that a return to the good old times would be by no means unwelcome, provided always the good old cost of living returned likewise. Let us suppose, for instance, that the latter part of the fifteenth century came back to us, what a luxury it would be to be able to buy necessities at the prices then paid. What these were, and a pretty general insight into the then style and cost of living, may be gathered from a household book of an Earl of Northumberland, who lived in the reign of Henry VII. The family consisted of 166 persons, including servants; and as 57 strangers were reckoned on every day, provision was made for 223 persons. The whole annual expense allowed by the Earl amounted to £1,118 17s. 8d., of which £796 11s. 2d. was for meat, drink, and firing—the cost of these items for each person being reckoned at twopence-halfpenny per day. If a servant were absent one day, his mess was struck off. Is he went on the earl's business, he was allowed as board wages eightpence a day in winter and fivepence in summer, while if he stayed in any place he was allowed twopence a day besides the keep of his horse. The allowance of wheat was one quarter per month; of malt, 250 quarters for the year, yielding 500 hhd., or about a bottle and a third of beer for each person per day. One hundred and nine fat beeves were bought at Allhallowtide, and twenty-four lean beeves, the latter being put into the pastures to feed, so as to serve from midsummer to Michaelmas, when the family ate fresh beef, salt beef being the order of the day during the other nine months. As a seasoning to this beef 160 gallons of mustard appear to have been required. Six hundred and forty-seven sheep were allowed, and these were all eaten salted, except between Lammas and Michaelmas.

Then there were twenty-five hogs, twenty-eight veals, and forty lambs; but these appear to have been reserved for the earl's own table, or that of the upper servants, called the knights' table. Of wine ten tuns and two hds. of Gascony were consumed. Of linen, alas! the allowance for the whole household amounted only to seventy ells, and this was made into eight table-cloths for the earl's table and one for the knights', and there were no sheets. Need we wonder at Falstaff's ragged rascals, at the beginning of the same century, having only a shirt and a half amongst them, the half being "two napkins tacked together," and the shirt stolen! Washing cost only forty shillings for the whole year, and most of this was expended on the linen of the chapel. As to light, only ninety-one dozen candles were required for the year's service, while the use of fuel appears to have been equally sparing, there being only twenty-four fires, besides those in the kitchen and hall, the daily allowance of coal for each being one peck. Indeed, eighty chalders, or chaldron of coal, with a supplement of sixty-four loads of great wood, sufficed for the whole year, there being after Lady-day no fires allowed in any of the rooms except those of the earl and his lady, Lord Percy's, and the nursery. At his own charge the earl kept in his own stable only twenty-seven horses, the upper servants receiving an allowance for the maintenance of their own horses. Of the earl's, six were gentle horses at hay and hard meat all the year round, four palfreys, three hobbies and nags, five sumpter horses, six for servants to whom horses were furnished, and three mill-horses, two for carrying the corn, and one for grinding it; and besides these were seven great trotting horses for the chariot or waggon. The allowance for the principal horses was a peck of oats a day, besides loaves made of beans. When on a journey the earl was attended by thirty-six horsemen. He passed the year at his three country seats in Yorkshire, but as he had only furniture for one, he carried his goods and chattels from one to the other, and for their transport seventeen carts and a waggon sufficed, one cart being enough for his cooking utensils, cooks' beds, &c. The servants appear to have bought their own clothes out of their wages, and there is nowhere any mention of plate, but only of the hiring of pewter vessels. Though there were eleven priests in the house, besides seventeen persons, chanters, musicians, &c., attached to the chapel, there were only two—or if the groom of the larder and the child of the scullery are included, four—cooks for this family of 223. They rose early, mass being said at six a.m., dinner at ten a.m., and supper at four p.m. At nine p.m. the gates were closed, and after that hour neither ingress nor egress was permitted. The earl and countess had on their table for breakfast, which took place at seven o'clock, a quart of beer, as much wine,

two pieces of salt fish, six red herrings, four white ones, or a dish of sprats, and on flesh days half a chine of mutton, or a chine of beef boiled. And now for the cost of various commodities. The price of wheat was five shillings and eightpence per quarter; of malt, four shillings; oats, twopence, and beans, two shillings. A load of hay cost two shillings and eightpence. Fat beeves were thirteen and fourpence each, lean ones, eight shillings. Sheep cost twopence; a hog, two shillings; a veal, twenty pence; a lamb, tenpence or a shilling; pigs were directed to be bought at threepence or a groat; geese at the same price; chickens at a halfpenny; hens at twopence; capons (lean) at twopence; plovers and woodcocks, a penny or threehalfpence each; partridges, twopence; pheasants and peacocks, a shilling each. The price of the linen was eightpence the ell, and of the Gascony wine, £1 14s. 4d. the tun. Coals cost four shillings and twopence the chaldron, and wood, twelpence the load.

From an old household account for the years 1594 and 1595 we learn the prices paid for sundry provisions in London in the reign of Elizabeth, that is, about a century later than the time referred to above. On the 26th of March, 1594, 104 lb. of butter received out of Gloucestershire (16 lb. at 3½d. and the rest at 3d.) cost £1 6s. 8d.; salt for the same, 6d.; and carriage from Bristol to London, 4s. 6d. On the 29th there was paid for a fore-quarter of lamb with head, 2s. 2d.; for a capon, 1s. 2d.; for nine stone of beef at eightpence the stone, 13s. 6d.; 8d. for a quart of Malmsey; and for 4½b. of soap, 10d. On April 3rd a lamb cost 5s.; a dozen of pigeons, 2s. 4d.; and twenty-eight eggs, 8d. April 6th there were paid for three pecks of fine flour, 2s. 6d.; for a side of veal, 8s.; for a calf's head, 10d.; and 3d. for a pint of claret. A peck of oysters on July 31st cost 4d.; a half-peck of filberts, August 19th, 6d.; and half a hundred oranges on Feb. 5th, 1595, 9d.

FRENCH BATTER (for Frying Vegetables, and for Fritters).—Cut a couple of ounces of good butter into small bits, pour on it less than a quarter-pint of boiling water, and when it is dissolved, add three-quarters of a pint of cold water, so that the whole shall not be quite milk-warm; mix it then by degrees, and very smoothly, with twelve ounces of fine dry flour, and a small pinch of salt, if the batter be for fruit fritters, but with more in for meat or vegetables. Just before it is used, stir into it the whites of two eggs beaten to a solid froth; but previously to this, add a little water should it appear too thick, as some flour requires more liquid than others to bring it to the proper consistency.

Not long ago an advertisement was printed in the proper English newspapers for "counterwomen" in connection with the General Post-office. Eleven situations were vacant, and this being stated, candidates were directed to apply personally at the offices of the Civil Service Commissioners, in London, on two specified days. In response to the advertisement about 1500 applicants presented themselves on the first day mentioned, and about 600 on the second day. The extraordinary spectacle of such a number of young women collected in the vicinity of the usually quiet locality of Canon Row attracted much attention, and in fact suspended business for a time in the immediate neighbourhood. The Commissioners actually examined over one thousand candidates for these eleven vacancies. The *Times*, in commenting upon the causes for the appearance of such a competitive host, remarks: "Is it not remarkable to find 1500 young women applying at Canon Row for eleven vacant posts, while St. Thomas's Hospital and every other training institution for nurses are calling in vain for women, who, I suppose, are exactly of the kind and position of these applicants? Can nothing be done to make the honorable and well-paid and thoroughly womanly work of nursing more widely known and appreciated?"

The Cunard line of steamers has certain "personal" regulations which a captain can only break in emergencies of the most serious kind, and the result of their well-defined instructions has been that they have never lost a passenger. Some of their regulations, indeed are so strict as to be somewhat amusing. For instance, not very long ago, the master of one of their Liverpool and New York fleet having a short time previously taken to himself a wife applied for permission to take his helpmate with him for just one voyage. The request was granted more readily than he had anticipated, but, as it turned out, the company took one view of the transaction and the captain another. Proceeding as usual to superintend the removal of the steamer from the dock to the river, he was astounded to find a brother captain in the act of giving orders. Explanations were given and it transpired that though the company were not unwilling that Captain — should take his wife to America, they were not disposed to intrust him with the ship also. One charge was sufficient where the lives of nearly a thousand passengers and the safety of a very large amount of property were concerned. The story illustrates very forcibly the manner in which the Cunard proprietors have obtained a reputation both for speed and safety. We hope we are not causing the Cunard Company any loss of lady passengers on publishing this item!

NIAGARA.

(Continued from page 373.)

am persuaded, have been predicted, while the sounding of the present river would enable us to predict the course to be pursued by the erosion in the future.

But not only has the Niagara river cut the gorge; it has carried away the chips of its own workshop. The shale being probably crumpled is easily carried away. But at the base of the fall we find the huge boulders already described, and by some means or other these are removed down the river. The ice which fills the gorge in winter, which grapples with the boulders, has been regarded as the transporting agent. Probably it is so to some extent. But erosion acts without ceasing on the abutting points of the boulders, thus withdrawing their support and urging them gradually down the river. Solution also does its portion of the work. That solid matter is carried down is proved by the difference of depth between the Niagara river and Lake Ontario, where the river enters it. The depth falls from seventy-two feet to twenty feet, in consequence of the deposition of solid matter caused by the diminished motion of the river.*

In conclusion, we may say a word regarding the proximate future of Niagara. At the rate of excavation assigned to it by Sir Charles Lyell, namely, a foot a year, five thousand years or so will carry the Horse-shoe Fall far higher than Goat Island. As the gorge recedes it will drain, as it has hitherto done, the banks right and left of it, thus leaving a nearly level terrace between Goat Island and the edge of the gorge. Higher up it will totally drain the American branch of the river; the channel of which in due time will become cultivable land. The American Fall will then be transformed into a dry precipice, forming a simple continuation of the cliffy boundary of the Niagara. At the place occupied by the fall at this moment we shall have the gorge enclosing a right angle, a second whirlpool being the consequence of this. To those who visit Niagara a few millenniums hence I leave the verification of this prediction. All that can be said is, that if the causes now in action continue to act, it will prove itself literally true.

"OUR JOE."

BY JAMES PITT.

"Our only hope now is God, and our Joe there."

And a fine specimen of humanity "our Joe there" appeared, and a hopeful youth to gaze upon at that moment, as he sat on the ground opposite the window near which the speaker was standing, with his knees elevated, and his clasped hands embracing them, a short dirty pipe stuck in his mouth.

"Our only hope now is God, and our Joe there."

It was a widow, a very poor widow, speaking to a married sister equally poor, in the chamber of death, where lay one who not long before was the bread-winner for his family of five.

The scene around was scarcely in harmony with the stillness of that abode of the dead, or with the feelings of its mourners. The shouting of men and boys, the rumbling of carts, the puffing and snorting of steam-engines, the noise of other machinery, the clanking of chains, the rattle of the huge circular steam-saws, and the general hum denoting the clatter and bustle of some great mine or factory, were the continuous sounds heard in the cottage of the Bracey family from early morn to night. That the business there carried on was that of coal-mining, the tinkling of the little signal-bell at regular intervals informed the initiated in such matters, even if they had not seen the glaring fires, the high chimneys, the monster wheels revolving in the air with such velocity as made folks wonder how they could possibly be brought to a standstill at the very moment the coal emerged from the dark, deep shaft, or the stream of heavily laden waggons and other vehicles issuing from the yard gates, with their tons upon tons of black diamonds.

The cottage was one of a number of small tenements built by the proprietors of the colliery for the accommodation of those of their work-people who chose to live near their work. They were miserable dwellings, containing five rooms, three small bed-rooms, a kitchen or sitting-room, built a step below the level of the road, and paved with stone, and a wash-house, all with bare walls and rickety doors and windows. There were no passages. The rent was three shillings a week, the landlords paying the taxes and water-rate; but this comparatively small sum was quite as much as the colliers could afford to pay. Many of them preferred living a few miles away in the country, where, for the same amount of rent, they had their patch of garden and their pig-sty.

George Bracey had gone to his labor in the mine hearty and well at six o'clock in the morning when opens our narrative. Two hours later, just as his family were preparing their frugal breakfast, his dead body was brought home to them. The husband and father had been killed, whilst at work hewing coal, by the falling in of the roof. More than a ton of stones,

coal, and rubbish had completely buried him, besides breaking both his legs and some of his ribs. About eleven o'clock Mrs. Bracey's sister called to offer her assistance and advice, both of which proved acceptable to the recently-made widow. They tearfully laid out the dead, praying all the while for divine strength and comfort. Afterwards they formed themselves into a mournful committee of ways and means.

Work had been slack during the past summer, and the next day being pay-day there wasn't a shilling in the house, and no chance of one until the following afternoon, for the colliery owners were unduly particular respecting the payment of wages, always keeping two days' pay in hand, and never advancing money, however urgent the case or exceptional the circumstances. Saturday was pay-day, get the money then, or not at all. And strange to say, the books of the firm show several instances where the money was not got at all.

"Our only hope and consolation now is God and our Joe there," said the widow.

Her sister thought that, so far as Joe was concerned, her hope and consolation were poor enough indeed, but she didn't say so.

Descending to the kitchen, Master Joe was called into the house to eat his dinner, which meal he despatched as though nothing whatever was the matter.

Neither his mother nor his aunt tasted a morsel, and as his brothers and sisters had been kindly taken care of by various neighbors for the day, Joe had not only his own share, but theirs also. He then re-lit his pipe, and strolled off into the fields.

The widow, in order to bury her late husband as decently as she possibly could, sold all the best furniture, and with the little balance left, after paying the funeral expenses, she was able to hire a sewing-machine, at which she worked almost day and night, to provide food and other necessities for herself and her family, including even Joe, who did odd jobs occasionally, but spent all his earnings in beer and tobacco.

By-and-by the widow became ill—seriously ill, but it made no alteration in Joe's conduct towards her, or his mode of living—he still drank and smoked and spent all his money abroad.

"She's been a good mother to you, Joe, and now she's ill, you ought to see how much you can do to repay her kindness," said the next-door neighbor one day.

"Not I," replied the "hope" of the family, "I am not a-goin' to work for other people."

"But consider, Joe."

"I shan't consider; she's got no business to go and get ill. I'm never ill."

"People can't help being ill sometimes."

"Oh, can't they? yes, they can," and off he walked whistling, his hands in his pockets, and his cap cocked on one side of his head. Presently he met his aunt.

"Well, Joe, how's your mother this morning?"

"I don't know, so what is the use of asking me? Some of them says as how she's ill and can't work, but it's my belief she's only shamming."

"Joe, Joe, for shame!" his aunt remonstrated, "if I were a man I'd horsewhip you right round the town."

"Ah, but you aren't a man, and never will be one, Missis Bounceable, so good morning to 'ee."

And muttering to himself, "I should like very much to horsewhip her," he went on his way, careless and thoughtless as before.

"I'm glad you are come, Mrs. Smith," said Mrs. Bracey's next-door neighbor to Joe's aunt. "Your sister is so ill."

"What's the matter with her—anything fresh?"

"She's constantly getting such cold shivers as seem to shake her all to pieces. It's my firm belief it's through fretting so much about that rascal Joe, and constantly going without food, in order that that lubberly lout should not go short, and nothing else!"

"How long has she been like this?"

"Since seven o'clock last night."

Opening the door of the cottage, they found the children playing and romping and screaming loud enough to make a robust person ill, if he remained long in the close, dusty atmosphere.

"Be quiet, children, can't you?" said the aunt, who was a favorite with the youngsters. "Mary Ann, I'm ashamed of you! Jemima, how can you let your little brother make all that noise when your mother's ill in bed?"

Entering the sick-chamber, they found the widow in one of her fits of shivering, drops of cold perspiration standing on her forehead, her hands and feet as cold as ice.

"What I should advise," said the neighbor, "is some weak brandy-and-water warm, and I should have sent for a drop before now, but my husband went off this morning and never left me a farthing. And yet he'll expect a hot supper ready for him when he comes home, I'll warrant."

"Ah, just like some of the men," sighed good-natured Mrs. Smith, thinking of Joe, perhaps, "just like some of the men. I've only got three-pence, but I'll run up to Aaron Haskin's house, and see if Martha Haskins can lend me three-pence more."

Leaving her sister in charge of the neighbor, she went to Mrs. Haskins, and easily procured the money. The brandy was easily purchased at the nearest public-house, the water was soon made hot, and the steaming mixture administered to the sick woman, who, however, felt but slight relief from it, and no wonder, for it was the sort of "best French brandy" usually sold at taverns in low localities, a compound liquid, the ingredients of which were plain spirit, mustard, cayenne pepper, ginger, burnt sugar, and water.

The widow was able to converse for a few minutes, but presently the shivering came on again worse than ever, and the sister, who thought her dying, determined to fetch a medical man.

Throwing on her bonnet and shawl, she hurried to the house of a surgeon reputed clever, who lived about a mile away, one whose original genial qualities had become frozen by hard work, bad pay, bad debts, and a shrewish wife. After waiting an hour and a half, she was ushered into his presence. He was a thin, nay, weird old man, very pompous, with small grey eyes, dirty white hair, and shabby black clothes.

"Well! what do you want?" he asked, drawing forth his visiting list, for the purpose of entering the name and address.

"If you please, sir, will you come and see my sister? She's very ill, very ill indeed, sir."

"Where does she live?"

"Near the coal-pit, sir."

"That's an exceedingly low neighborhood. Who's going to pay?"

"I will, sir."

"Three and six," he said, holding out his hand for the cash, which of course was not forthcoming, as Mrs. Smith, if her life depended upon it, could not have produced such a comparatively large sum at so short a notice.

"If you please, sir, I haven't got it now, sir, but you shall surely be paid."

"Who am I to look to for payment?"

"Me, sir."

"And who are you?"

"I'm her sister, sir. My husband works in the pit; his name is Thomas Smith."

"I shan't go without the money first."

"But as sure as I stand here, sir, you shall be paid."

"It must be beforehand."

"My sister may be dying, sir. I think she is."

"You had better send for the parish doctor, then—that's the way out."

And back she went to the widow's cottage, and found her sister in the same alarming condition as that in which she had left her. She told the neighbor the result of her visit, who advised her to go at once for the parish medical officer.

Now the row of cottages of which Mrs. Bracey's formed one was situated about one hundred yards from the residence of the medical officer for the adjoining parish, to whom Mrs. Smith naturally proceeded, and was referred by him to the doctor of Mrs. Bracey's own district, who lived nearly five miles off. Although tired and hungry, she set out to see him, and found him from home. In an hour's time he returned, and on hearing her tale asked for her order.

"What order, sir?"

"Haven't you seen the relieving officer?"

"No, sir."

"I can't attend without an order from him."

"And where does he live, sir?"

"At Clayton, about three miles from here."

Footsore and weary, she sought the relieving officer, who, being the relieving officer for several small parishes, some of them eight or nine miles apart, and it being his visiting day at one of the most distant, could not be seen, she was informed, till seven in the evening. It was now five, so she asked to be allowed to wait, and was shown into a room without fire or light, where she remained until his return. He gave her the order, and she trudged back to the doctor's with it, and after waiting until that gentleman had finished his dinner, was told by one of the servants that her master would call some time the next day.

"But my sister's very ill, she may die. Please ask him to let me see him."

The servant kindly carried this request to the important gentleman, who came into the hall, displeased that a pauper should dare to interfere with his proposed arrangement.

"I've been running about all day, sir, and you don't think I would do that, if she wasn't very ill."

"Well, what's the matter with her?"

"She's got the cold shivers so bad, that it almost frightens one to be near her."

"Only an attack of dyspepsia, I expect."

"What's that, sir?"

"Indigestion. She's been eating too much."

"Sir, I don't believe she has tasted a morsel of food these two days, and she was so bad when I left, that I shouldn't be surprised to find her dead when I get back."

"Of course, if she's dead, it isn't worth while my troubling to see her at all; but dead or not dead, I'm not going to walk that distance at this hour of the night, to please any one."

"Can't you go in your carriage, sir, or on horse-back?"

"No, the horse is tired. I'll look round tomorrow."

And the gentleman returned to his warm, comfortable room, to smoke a cigar, and finish his bottle of old port.

"This is the way we parish doctors are everlastingly plagued by these miserable wretches of paupers," he muttered, leisurely sipping his wine.

"And this is the way we poor get treated by those who are paid to look after us," the woman bitterly complained, as she pursued her tiresome journey along the dirty, dark, and deserted roads. "As sure as there is a God in heaven, the cry of the poor will be heard and avenged some day."

Next morning the doctor called at the cottage of the widow, and pronounced her to be suffering acutely from heart disease. On leaving, he left directions with Joe, who was standing in the doorway, to send or come to his house in the evening for medicine.

This, as might be expected, was another long walk for poor Mrs. Smith, Joe being too idle and heartless to trouble himself in the least about the matter, but she undertook it very cheerfully, both on that occasion and afterwards, sadly neglecting her work at the cotton factory in order to do so.

In a week or two the widow began to mend, and the doctor took his leave, giving her at parting the cheerful advice to be sure and eat plenty of nourishing food, and she would be quite well in another week.

Can we wonder that the week's end found her not "quite well" but in a low, weak state, when we remember that for her whole subsistence she, as well as her family, was indebted to the bounty of persons slightly better off than herself?

A sufficiency of nourishing food was undoubtedly what she required to complete her restoration to health, but how was she to obtain it?

Her hope was still in Joe.

"He's certain to turn out all right shortly," was her consolatory thought.

But Joe, instead of getting better, gradually became worse. While his mother was lying on her sick-bed, he was selling or pawning, one by one, the few remaining fragments of furniture, and by the time the widow had sufficiently recovered to leave her bedroom, the kitchen and wash-house were stripped of every salable article, except a small money-box, made years before by Joe's late father in his leisure hours, with a sixpenny set of carpenter's tools he had bought in the street, and which box not even hardened Joe would have dared to lay sacrilegious hands upon.

Joe was still his mother's hope.

"He's not a bad son, I mean not thoroughly bad," she one day said to her next neighbor, Mrs. Cox, drooping her head nevertheless to hide the flush of shame which suffused her cheeks; "he's trying at times, I must own, but I am getting used to his thoughtlessness; I am certain it is nothing else, and don't mind it so much as I did directly his father died."

"For taking his part I can't blame you, but I assure you, Mrs. Bracey, I do not believe there's a lazier scamp under the sun than he. Here, he does no work whatever; he strolls home at meal-times to see what he can catch. When you haven't anything in the house to eat, as is too often the case, more's the shame, he abuses you finely, and when you do manage to get a crust, he takes care to secure the lion's share. He's a nasty, ungrateful, undutiful ne'er-do-well, that he is. Just give my boys leave, Mrs. Bracey, to put him under the pump once or twice, that will cure him, if anything will, depend upon it."

Joe at that instant came in sight, pipe in mouth, and hands in pockets, as usual, and into the house he came shuffling, a strong, stale smell of tobacco accompanying it.

"Been to work to-day, Joe?" ironically inquired Mrs. Cox.

"What I does is nothing to nobody."

"Nothing for nobody;—it's nothing, true enough, your unnatural scapegrace. How can you see your mother slave as she does, day after day, and you do nothing but sponge upon her? You're killing her you are, you are, you are—"

"Mrs. Cox! Mrs. Cox!" interrupted the widow, holding up her hands deprecatingly, "he'll be better some of these days, won't you, Joe?"

"Of course I will, mother," responded the scamp with a grin. "I'd work quick enough if I could get a good place."

"Get a good place indeed!" fulminated Mrs. Cox, "and isn't working in the pit good enough employment for your betters? It's all laziness, that's what it is, your downright good-for-nothing. I wish you was my son. I'd thrash it all out of ye, treating your poor mother, who is fit to be an angel, as you do."

"That's enough," remarked Joe, taking his pipe from his mouth; "you women would talk for ever."

"Ah, and such idle vagabonds as you make them. I shouldn't be surprised to hear the stones cry out for very shame; I am sure your conduct is sufficiently disgraceful to put a voice of thunder into them. I fancy I hear them saying, 'Joe, go to work; go to work, Joe; don't you, Mrs. Bracey?'"

Joe was about to utter a rejoinder in very coarse language, but his mother stopped him with, "Be quiet, Joe; Mrs. Cox has been very kind to us, and the bit of dinner you had yesterday and the day before, she sent in."

"If I'd thought that reprobate would have had any," Mrs. Cox said, casting a look of disgust at Joe, "I should have made you come in my house and eat it, Mrs. Bracey. However, it will teach me a lesson. Not a bite nor sup goes out of our house again for idle vagrants."

These taunts drove Joe nearly wild, and had he not hoped, notwithstanding the threat, to share with his mother any future meals which Mrs. Cox in her benevolence might supply to her, he would have knocked that kindly-disposed woman down. With great difficulty he restrained himself, but as partial compensation for his self-denial, he showered upon her a volley of oaths which sent her at once into her own house, he following and abusing her to the very door.

"Well, mother," said Joe, in no exceedingly amiable mood, as he re-entered, "what's for supper?"

"I haven't a crust in the house, Joe, and not a farthing of money."

"This is a fine thing to tell a fellow who's been searching for work all the day long," grumbled Joe, to an imaginary audience, "not a crust for a farthing. Lively! It's worse than hard work, looking for a job."

* Near the mouth of the gorge at Queenston, the depth, according to the Admiralty Chart, is 180 feet; while within the gorge it is 132 feet.

"Joe, you've told me that story so often that I'm beginning to disbelieve it."

"Just like you. Because that old Mrs. Cox has been becalming me like a pickpocket, you think I deserve it. But there, it's not a bit of use my saying a word, I suppose I'd better starve."

"Now, Joe, if you will tell me, upon your honor, that you've been looking for work, I'll ask your aunt, when she comes presently, to lend me twopence, and we will have half a pound of pig's fry for supper."

"All right, mother, that's the sort." Joe's mouth watering at the prospect of a savory supper; "I've been looking out for a job right enough."

"Upon your honor?"

"Yes, upon my honor," the hope of the family replied, laughing in his sleeve at his mother's simplicity and credulity. In after-years he would have given his life to recall that lie.

"May God forgive you, Joe," said the widow tearfully, "if you've told me an untruth!" She could not utter the expressive monosyllable, speaking to her first-born and favorite child.

"But it's very strange," she continued, after a pause, "that other people who don't seek work half as much as you say you do, always obtain employment some time or other."

"Ah, they're the lucky ones, that's how it is. Work is awful slack."

"They are busy at the pit; don't you think you could do something there?"

"Yes, of course I could; but it's out of consideration for you that I don't. How would you like to see me brought home a corpse like father was? That's what you want, I suppose?"

"No, Joe, no," cried the widow, shuddering at the gloomy reminiscence, "anything but that, anything but that."

"Now, that's what I call sensible, old woman." But the widow heard not. She was picturing that mournful morning when her husband, the pride of her youth, the hope and comfort of her widowhood, the noble father of her children, was so suddenly snatched away for ever. How she longed for his advice, his wise counsel, and his guidance, now!

"There is One better and wiser than he was," she murmured. "To the shorn lamb He tempers the wind; will He not, then, be the Protector of the widow, be with me in the hour of adversity?"

And she brightened at the thought, and plied her knitting-needles with increased energy, and her sister coming in, the trifle was borrowed, and Joe despatched for the pig's fry. On its arrival it was speedily cooked; and Joe speedily swallowed more than his share of it, and was now helping to dispose of his mother's, although, poor creature, she had not tasted a mouthful of animal food for more than a fortnight.

"Well, mother," said Joe, when everything eatable had disappeared, "you're not such a bad sort as I thought you was, and as I've got plenty of 'bacco I think I'll stay at home for once."

"Do Joe; it's a long time since you stopped with me for the evening."

"I will to-night, so make the most of me, and treat me well."

And, lighting his pipe with a hot cinder from the scanty fire, he tilted his chair, leaned back in it, put one foot on each hob, and was as "happy as a king," until the latch of the door was lifted, and one of Joe's boon companions popped in his head, and said that there was to be a capital ratting match at nine o'clock at a public-house in the neighborhood—a low public-house known by the peculiarly inappropriate sign of "The Industrious Man," and, singularly, kept by a man named Idle, who, it was more than rumored, was by no means idle in securing a goodly portion of the hardly-earned wages of the colliers.

"There's certain to be heaps of fun," he concluded.

"Joe's going to stay home to-night," said Mrs. Bracey to the unwelcome visitor.

"I did think about staying just now," remarked the hopeful youth, "but, d'ye see, I didn't think for a minute there was any ratting going on."

"Don't go, Joe! don't go, Joe!" pleaded the widow earnestly.

"Is it a regular match?" inquired Joe of the man at the door.

"A regular, out-and-out match, between Jack Barker's 'Vixen,' and Harry Taylor's 'Spitfire.'"

"Don't go, please don't go, Joe; don't go!"

"How much is it aside?" again asked Joe of his friend.

"Twenty pounds."

"Twenty pounds!" repeated Joe, "that will be a capital game, I'll warrant."

"You may well say that; it will be the best affair of the season."

"You promised not to go out to-night, Joe, you know you did," his mother remonstrated.

"Who'll be there?" asked the son.

"All our old friends."

"That's right; I'll come."

"Oh, don't go, don't go to night, think of your promise," was the widow's last appeal, unheeded by her ungrateful offspring, as he put on his hat, and walked out of the house, followed by his "friend," who in turn was followed by an ugly thoroughbred bull-dog.

The widow went to her chamber and wept—weeping silently, and prayed earnestly, far into the night—prayed that the long-looked-for reformation of her son would shortly be accomplished. Worn out with hard labor of the day, and the anguish of the night, she fell asleep on the floor at the foot of the bed.

In the morning, the kind, thoughtful neighbors told the children not to attempt to rouse

their mother, knowing how great a blessing a long sound sleep would prove to one so weary and heartbroken.

Eleven o'clock came. They now thought it time to awake her, and, entering the bed-room with the children, they found her still fast asleep, in that sound sleep from out of which there is, on this earth, no awaking. In the solemn stillness of the early dawn, before the neighborhood had aroused itself into activity and life, while yet the giant wheels of the colliery, standing high in the air, were motionless as mountains, and the mine itself ghostly and deserted; while yet the petals of the flowers were closed, and the songs of the birds hushed; ere the sun had vanquished the moon, and the day the night—a gem of "purest ray serene" had been carried from "dark unfathomed caves" to everlasting light, honor, glory, bliss unspeakable.

But where was Joe?

At the ratting match until long past midnight, the trial of strength and skill in the science of rat-killing between "Vixen" and "Spitfire," having been adjourned from the public to a private house, in order to elude the vigilance of the police, and also to prevent Mr. Idle from being reported to the bench of magistrates the next licensing-day.

Mad with drink, the owners of the two dogs quarrelled; there was a general fight, and at four o'clock in the morning, when his mother was unconsciously passing away, Joe was being conveyed, fainting from pain, on a shutter, to the town hospital, with fractured ribs and broken leg, having been pushed into a deep quarry, situated close to the roadside, by one of his drunken associates, during the short and sharp scuffle. The police had unexpectedly put in an appearance; several of the "sportsmen" were locked up, others skulked to their homes by circuitous routes, and Joe, as we have said, was taken to the hospital, there to lie in one position, almost unendurable, deprived of his favorite luxuries, smoking tobacco, drinking beer, and lounging in pot-houses. It need not be told how he fretted and fumed under his compulsory confinement; how he refused to listen to the good advice of the chaplain, and sneered at all those who were willing to receive instructions; nor will the reader be greatly surprised to know that the news of his mother's death, was received by him with the utmost indifference, and that on being asked by one of the nurses on the day of burial whether he did not wish he was well enough to attend, replied "Certainly not."

When Joe was discharged from the hospital, cured, he found himself without a home, without food, and without money. His brothers and sisters had been adopted by various relations and friends, who, with not too much bread for themselves, were nevertheless willing to share their crust with the helpless orphans. Verily the familiar saying is often a true one, "Only the poor help the poor."

Now it chanced that during Joe's sojourn in the hospital, the house in which his mother died had become tenanted by one of the miners named Abraham Harvey, who having for forty years lived five miles off, walking to and fro every day, thought that, as his limbs were stiffer than they used to be, and the hard work more laborious to him, he would embrace the opportunity then afforded of residing near the works. He was a hale, hearty old fellow, and his wife was, if possible, heartier still. They had no children, at least none living with them. At different times they had seen their seven stalwart sons depart from the place of their birth to the mighty land of the West, where, instead of a long life of labor, with only the workshop at the end, they would reap the fruits of the earth in due season, without excessive toil, and, in time to come, if it should so please Providence, enjoy an honorable old age, crowned with peace and plenty. There was yet another child, a daughter, a little younger than Joe, who was in service a few miles away, coming home every Sunday to spend an hour or two with the old folks, and with them attend the worship of God at the Primitive Methodist chapel on the hill, built on the identical spot where once the holy and eloquent George Whitefield, after attempting to preach to the assembled savages, was assailed with stones and dirt, and driven off the hill-side. The seed then sown by the way-side is, after long years, producing an excellent and abundant harvest.

With this worthy couple Joe obtained a lodging for eighteenpence per week, and his first care was to procure the money to pay for it and for his maintenance. Now here came Joe's difficulty. How was he to work, who, in the real sense of the word, had never worked before? How was he to conquer his aversion to steady and constant labor? He began to wish he had taken to it earlier, for he had sufficient sense to know that, had he done so, he would not have found it so difficult as he was likely to do now. However, there was no help for it, no loophole of escape. God's decree, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," came upon him with full force.

He at first thought of turning thief, but if he stole anything and happened to get caught—and the chances are always against the thief—he would be compelled to perform very hard labor, such hard labor that the honest battle for bread would be child's play in comparison. And besides, the thoughts of spare diet, after his sumptuous living in the hospital, solitary confinement, and enforced silence, made his blood run cold. No—work he must.

But how? Where?

He was offered a situation as fireman at the colliery, at sixteen shillings per week, but the first day's work nearly killed him, the heat was

so intense. It was really amusing to watch Master Joe constantly stirring the immense fires in the furnaces with a great poker in his right hand, his handkerchief in his left as incessantly mopping his moist forehead. The manager saw he was unfit for the post, and transferred him to the saw-mill, but without any satisfactory result, and Joe received notice to quit.

Before the notice expired, the driver of one of the horses belonging to the establishment was taken ill, and as Joe knew a little about horses, and had often envied the carters driving easily and comfortably along the road, he offered his services to supply the vacancy, and in this congenial employment he remained some months, to the unbounded astonishment of his neighbors, who never, never thought that Joe Bracey would ever earn a penny honestly. They had prophesied so over and over again.

But he worked on, and then some said his breaking his leg after the dog-fight was a judgment upon him which had changed him; others, that he would soon slide into his old habits, while a few, who considered themselves very wise indeed, hinted that Abraham Harvey's pretty daughter Alice was the cause of this alteration for the better.

Alice was one of the comeliest and neatest, as well as one of the most modest girls Joe had ever seen. She was one of those bewitching creatures often imagined, but rarely met with.

A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and to command.

We cannot therefore marvel that eventually he began to anticipate her short weekly visits with feelings of delight. The only drawback to this cup of happiness was the chapel-going; he first disliked, then hated it. But the fear of losing the society of Alice kept him a regular attendant, in spite of his enmity, and when the various ministers and Christian brethren constantly noticed him, and continually appealed to him to "flee from the wrath to come," and when he became well acquainted with their great zeal and self-denial, he could not help unfavorably contrasting his own thoroughly selfish mode of life with the unselfishness of theirs. He felt and knew them to be vastly superior to him in everything good, and this consciousness of mental and moral inferiority quite startled him whenever he thought of it, which he did as often as he thought of Alice, and that was frequent enough.

Three years were thus passed.

Now came the turning point in Joe's life. He had lost that very strong antipathy to labor of all kinds which formerly possessed him, and he kept at work pretty fairly, as he found by experience that he was far happier when his mind and hands were profitably employed, than when idle, and he became contented, cheerful, and obliging. Besides, he liked to appear smart whenever he walked out with Alice, and clothes were a heavy item in Joe's expenditure.

But he could save nothing from his wages. He might earn a pound or twenty-five shillings one week, and only ten the next, and even when he knew beforehand that this would occur, he, somehow, didn't manage to carry over any money from the large week to the small one.

One day, work being slack, Joe was standing at the stable-door, meditatively smoking his pipe, and gazing across the piece of waste ground in front, at the little old parish church on the hill, when a wedding procession entering the edifice attracted his attention, and he remembered all at once that a friend of Alice's was to be married that morning, and that Alice had promised to be one of the bridesmaids. He nodded his head several times to no one in particular, but apparently to a small dog picking a bone a few yards off, and with a deep sigh he turned into the stable, and commenced working energetically at chaff-cutting, and so vigorously did he prosecute this employment during the remainder of the morning, that the time sped swiftly along, and it was dinner-time before he was aware of it,—strange to say, for Joe was generally pretty well acquainted with the hours of supply. He still lodged at Harvey's, and when he arrived there he found Alice just returned from the wedding-party, looking so bright and beautiful, that he thought he had never seen any one half so lovely, in his life, and this led him to think what a good wife she would certainly make, and what a lucky man he must be who had the good fortune to secure such a treasure. Unusual for Joe, he was silent all the dinner-time, and hardly tasted his food, although it had been placed before him by the fair Alice's hands. The thought forcibly presented itself that Alice, at no distant period, would be sought in marriage by some one or more of her numerous admirers, and the bare idea to him was appalling. He returned to his work with no good grace, and all the afternoon remained silent and thoughtful. At last, as he was about to leave for the night, he suddenly slammed the stable-door with a loud bang, a smile illuminated his face, and he determinedly said, "Yes, I'll do it."

And this is what he resolved upon. He would go home, appear as cheerful as he usually did, make amends at tea for his lost dinner, and then, as he was walking home with Alice in the evening, plainly demand whether she would be his wife. Not that he thought that he was her equal; no, we must do him the justice to say that he did not—on the contrary, he felt she was immeasurably his superior; a prize, in fact, worthy a large amount of self-sacrifice and trouble, one who, more than any other, well merited his great admiration and respect.

"Yes, I'll do it," muttered Joe, as he walked

briskly along. He had quite got rid of that slouching and lurching gait which formerly characterized his deportment and movements.

"Yes, I'll do it," he repeated, hurrying along faster, "she can but refuse me. I don't think she will, though, for she has always cared more for my company than for any other young fellow's, and some of 'em be better off than me. Yes, she'll have me."

By this time he had arrived at the house, found the tea waiting, and Alice all grace, and smiles, and beauty, ready to pour out the invigorating beverage.

Oh the tea, the fragrant, blessed tea, in hundreds of poor homes the only food and fuel of the day. Visit that aged pauper's wretched room, and the next, and the next, and hear them, one and all, agree and declare that, next to God, the only real friend and comforter of the poor is tea.

It was not a silent meal. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey were in excellent spirits, so was Alice, and so appeared Joe. Strange to say, not a word had been uttered in Joe's hearing about the wedding that had taken place in the morning, and he was pleased thereat, because it would give him a rare opportunity for starting the subject presently.

The tea-things cleared away, Alice announced that it was time for her to be going. She slipped upstairs, and quickly returned with her bonnet and shawl, and having arrayed herself therein, she smilingly asked who intended to see her safe along the road, knowing at the time that Joe, and Joe only, invariably accompanied her.

"Why, Alice, girl," said her father, "what makes thee ask such a silly question? Dost not see that Joe is standing there ready and willing to see thee along the road, as usual?"

"I don't always want to be taking Joe away from the fireside just as he's finished his tea. He may be tired."

"Tired, Alice!" interrupted Joe, "if I were ten times as tired, I'd see you home."

"This is my home; I don't think I ought to call any other place home."

"Well, your master's house then; will that do, Miss Alice?"

"Yes, yes, come along. You are quite sure you are not tired?"

"Quite sure, Alice."

"Ah, ah, Master Joe, if what I hear from the neighbors is true, and I have no reason to doubt it, you never did overwork yourself, so you can't be very fatigued. Now if you are ready and willing, as father said a minute ago, I'll allow you to come."

They walked together along the road, silently and quickly, past rows of shops, past rows of houses, past high blank walls, into the country, along a beautiful highway, now arched with spreading chestnut-trees, ancient oaks, and venerable elms; presently dividing broad meadows; here narrow, there broad and grass-bordered; now threading a slope, on the one side declining to the river, and on the other gradually rising to a pleasant wood-crowned height; then into the open, level but picturesque, and again under the interlaced trees. It was such a scene as poets love, love and frequent, as the teller in crowded cities dreams of, but never sees, as lovers love to gaze upon and loiter and linger in, artists reverence and imitate.

Both Alice and Joe were very quiet; unusually so, he thinking of the important business he wished to introduce, and Alice afraid she was behind her proper time.

Presently Joe cleared his throat, coughed violently thrice, three times clutched his neckerchief convulsively, as though being choked, and gasped, "Alice."

"Whatever is the matter, Joe? Are you ill?"

"No, I mean yes.—Yes, I mean no."

"You look ill," said Alice sympathizingly, "hadn't you better go back, now?"

Joe made no immediate reply, he stood still, staring at his companion. So warm and uncomfortable did he seem, that Alice could scarcely resist laughing aloud at the ridiculous figure by her side.

"I declare, Joe," she exclaimed, giving that gentle swain, at the same time, a very ungentle shake, "you have taken leave of your senses; there, go home, stupid, and don't keep staring like that."

"Alice—"

"All right, go home; I shall soon be at my journey's end. Good night, Joe."

And off she started, leaving the bewildered youth more bewildered than ever.

Her hastening away recalled his wandering, wool-gathering wits, and having just now so nearly missed the chance of saying what he desired to say, it was with some degree of firmness he repeated, "Alice."

"Are you better, Joe?"

"Yes, much better. Quite well now."

"Are you positive, really positive you are not out of your mind? You look very peculiar."

To this he vouchsafed no answer, and they walked quietly along the road again. After five minutes had elapsed, Joe thought it time to say something, or "for ever hold his peace."

"You didn't tell me, Alice, how you enjoyed yourself at the wedding."

"Enjoyed myself? Weddings are not to be enjoyed, they are solemn and serious, as I daresay you will discover, some day."

"Did you like being there, this morning?"

"Pretty well; it was very interesting and impressive."

"Interesting to you, Alice?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Should you like to be married yourself, Alice?"

"That depends."

(To be continued.)

DARWINISM IN THE KITCHEN.

I was takin' off my bonnet,
One afternoon at three,
When a hinseck jumped upon it
As proved to be a flea.

Then I takes it to the grate,
Between the bars to stick it;
But I hadn't long to wait
Ere it changed into a cricket.

Says I, "surely my senses
Is a-gettin' in a fog,"
So to drown it I commences
When it halts to a frog.

Here my heart begun to thump,
And no wonder I felt funky;
For the frog, with one big lump,
Leaped hisself into a monkey.

Then I opened wide my eyes,
His features for to scan,
And observed, with great surprise
That the monkey was a man.

But he vanished from my sight,
And I sunk upon the floor,
Just as Missus, with a light,
Came inside the kitchen door.

Then beginning to abuse me,
She says, "Sarah, you've been drinkin'!"
I says, "No, mum, you'll excuse me,
But I've merely been a-thinkin'."

"But as sure as I'm a cinder,
That party what you see,
A gettin' out o' winder,
Have developed from a flea."

A YEAR WITHOUT SUMMER.

The summer season of 1816 was probably the coldest ever known in this country. January was so mild that fires were scarcely necessary. February was but little colder. The first part of March was boisterous, the latter part mild. The Ohio River was so high that a great many farms were overflowed. May was breezy and frosty. Buds of all kinds froze. Corn was repeatedly planted and as often killed. June was frosty and snowy; almost every green thing was killed, that is, through the Northern States. Snow fell ten inches deep in Vermont, and three inches in Central New York and in Ohio, and the Lower Mississippi was so high that the streets of New Orleans and vicinity were traversed by boats. On the 5th of July ice formed, generally of the thickness of window glass, and all the corn, except in a few favored situations in the West, and some hill farms of the Eastern States, and close to the ocean, was destroyed. August was still more cheerless; ice formed half an inch thick; most of the leaves that had made out to open on the trees were frozen, and a large portion of the corn that had survived was cut up for fodder, while part of it rotted. There was no seed corn, and that which was planted in 1817 had been grown in 1815, and it sold from \$4 to \$5 a bushel. The first part of September was quite pleasant, the latter half cold, and ice formed almost every night. October, "the same subject continued." November was cold; enough snow fell to make good sleighing. At last, December was as mild and as pleasant as June should have been.

Of course great suffering followed; corn for bread sold at from \$3 to \$4 a bushel; buckwheat and rye were exceedingly scarce, little or no wheat was grown, and flour sold in Philadelphia at \$13 a barrel, and as, even then, England had been getting grain from America, wheat there was \$3 a bushel. Every family was put upon short allowance, and some suffered for want of food. Only a few potatoes had been grown, most of which were saved for seed. The best crop was hay, but the quality was poor. Cattle, however, suffered but little, as the winter was comparatively mild; milk and a little butter were the chief dependence. Children born in the first part of 1817 were frail, and so cross that many of them cried night and day, month after month, and those which survived were ever afterward sensitive to cold. In the West most of the settlements were new, food was so deficient that wintergreen leaves and berries and birch bark were eaten with relish, and delicate women hunted in moist places for spear mint, while boiled greens were a great luxury. A cow with a calf was almost a salvation to a family, and her products, with eggs and maple sugar and molasses, of which much was made, formed the principal food for several months. So soon as corn was in the milk it was boiled, or rasped to make samp, and this was the first green food eaten by many for a long time. Wheat bread almost entirely disappeared, owing to scarcity of seed, and it was several years before it could be had, except in short-cake on extraordinary occasions. Meanwhile money was so scarce that every cent was saved to pay taxes, although they were extremely light. Only a few could buy store goods of any kind, and it was so impossible to purchase school-books that in many cases children learned their letters printed by hand on scraps of paper. The only articles which brought money were dried peaches, black salts or potash, and beeswax. We have heard a farmer state that he carried a half a bushel of wheat on his shoulders 14 miles to a store to buy a cheap jack-knife, and when the merchant

told him that jack-knives were too good property to exchange for wheat, he poured it out in the street. Some families sprinkled their food with ashes in place of salt. However, the summer of 1817 was warm and favorable, and all kinds of crops were abundant. Such is a brief account of that cold summer in the year which long was called "Eighteen hundred and froze to death."

MUSCULAR STRENGTH OF INSECTS.

M. Félix Plateau, a young Belgian naturalist, and a son of the celebrated physician, has lately tried some very delicate experiments to measure the muscular strength of insects, as others have done with man and the horse. The strength of the last two is estimated by the aid of a machine called a dynamometer, where the tension of a spring is counterbalanced by an effort exercised for a very short time. A man, it is found, has a power of traction equal to five-sixths of his weight; a horse, only the half or two-thirds of his weight; but this is very small in comparison with the strength of insects, many of which can draw forty times that amount. The way in which M. Plateau has measured these powers is ingenious. He harnessed the insect by a horizontal thread, which was passed over a light movable pulley; to this was attached a balance loaded with a few grains of sand. To prevent the insect turning aside, he made it walk between two bars of glass on a board covered with muslin, so as to afford a rough surface; exciting it forward, he gradually poured fresh sand into the balance until it refused to advance further; the sand and the insect were then weighed, and the experiment was repeated three times, in order to arrive at a correct conclusion as to the greatest effort that each could make. The tables which give the results of these trials seem clearly to demonstrate that in the same group of insects the lightest and smallest possess the greatest strength; or that the relative force is in inverse ratio to the weight. This law applies also to the experiments in flying and pushing, as well as to drawing. This law, assuredly very curious and interesting in the economy of nature, has been confirmed by trying a dozen individuals of various species, in order to obtain results more approaching to the truth. These have been fully successful in confirming previous experience,—for example, the drone is four times the weight of the bee, yet it can only drag a weight fifteen times greater than its own; whilst the bee easily draws twenty-three or twenty-four times its own bulk. In flying, it can raise a weight very little inferior to its own; whilst the drone can only transport in this manner half its own weight. The law in question appears also to apply not only to the species which belong to the same entomological subdivision, but in a certain measure to the entire class of insects. It is true that if the species examined are arranged by the increasing order of their weight, the corresponding relations which express their relative force are not always exactly progressive. There are exceptions, which may be explained by the difference of structure. The law holds good if they are divided into three groups, comprising, respectively, the lightest insects, those of a middle size, and the heaviest. In this way the relative force is represented for the first group by twenty-six; for the second, by nineteen; for the last, by nine. This relates only to the power of traction; if that in flying be taken into consideration, the lightest can far surpass the heaviest; the first being equal to one and one-third; the last is but one-half. The strongest insects appear to be those so familiar to the naturalist, which live on lilies and roses, such as the *Crioceris* and *Trichies*. These little beings can draw a weight about forty times superior to their own, and one, an athlete of the tribe, drew sixty-seven times its own weight. A small beetle of the tribe *anomalæ* has executed the same feat. Another more remarkable fact is related of a horn-beetle, which held between its mandibles, alternately raising and lowering its head and breast, a rod of thirty centimetres long, weighing four hundred grammes; its own weight was but two grammes. At the side of this insect, what are the acrobats who carry a table with their teeth! Such examples show to what an extent insects are superior to the larger animals in the strength of their muscles. Dry and nervous, they can, in proportion to themselves, move mountains. In addition to this, they are ingenious; when an obstacle does not yield to them, they know how to turn it aside. One day, in a garden, a small wasp was trying to raise a caterpillar, which it had just killed. The caterpillar was at least five or six times heavier than its conqueror, who could not gain its end. Six times successively, weary of the war, and despairing of success, it abandoned its prey, and sadly placed itself at some distance. At last a bright idea saved it from its embarrassment: it returned, placed itself across the caterpillar, as if on horseback; with its two middle feet it embraced the body of its victim, raised it against its breast, and managed to walk on the four feet which were at liberty; thus it soon crossed a walk of six feet wide, and laid its prey against a wall.—*Chambers's Journal*.

A LONG WATCH.—During the Crimean war an Irish peasant, who was posted with a musket on duty, and had wandered a little out of his position, was accosted by an officer with "What are you here for?"—"Faith, your honor," said Pat, with his accustomed grin of good humour, "they told me I am here for a century."

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

STARCH IN POTATOES.—A tabulated form contains the record of experiments with sixty-one different varieties of potatoes, in which the author had estimated the total percentage of dry substance and the total quantity of starch. It appears from this research that the percentages alluded to vary for dry matter from 15.64 to 34.25, and the percentage of starch from 8.79 to 26.09.

ABSORPTION OF AMMONIA BY NICKEL.—Boettger finds that nickel absorbs ammonia like palladium. A piece of nickel used as a negative electrode in acidulated water absorbed one hundred and sixty-five times its volume of hydrogen. On being detached from the battery and plunged into water, it gave up the whole of its hydrogen in the course of a few days. Palladium absorbs four times as much, and gives it up more rapidly.

COWS' MILK.—M. A. Bechamp brought forward, at the *séance* of the Académie des Sciences recently, a very curious paper, "On the Milk of Cows," his object being to prove that, from the moment when drawn, alcohol and acetic acid are found in the milk, and that the quantity goes on increasing as the milk is kept. The author considers that alcohol and acetic acid are produced in the mammary glands by the action of the microzymas on the glucogenous matters of the milk.

THE BRUSSELS CORRESPONDENT of the *Musical Standard* says that a wonderful invention, due to the genius of Monsieur Vitus Gevaert, is now creating considerable sensation in musical circles there, and especially among the organists. It is an appliance by the aid of which a player touching but one note will play a full chord; so that a novice will now be able to accompany a chant merely by striking the note sung by the choir. The mechanism is inexpensive, and easily fitted upon any instrument.

AUTUMNAL tints of leaves are attributed to various causes. Some chemists determine that they are due to certain acids which are developed. Others aver that a diminished vitality in the plant causes the change of color; if this be true, then we must assume that there is such a thing as a "vital power" in plants which presides over their cyclical changes, and this cannot but be accepted as true, as far as our present knowledge goes. One phenomenon, however, must not be lost sight of in seeking the causes of tinted leaves: Wherever one leaf overlaps another in the forest, the under leaf will longest resist discoloration. The very form of the upper leaf may thus be stamped on the one beneath when the covering is only partial. This indicates that frost is a very important agency in the problem.

HOW WE DIGEST STARCH.—How we digest starch, and other carbohydrates taken as food, has been carefully studied by Herr E. Brucke, and his observations have been published by the Vienna Academy. The author finds that after a meal of starch the stomach contains a large quantity of amiduline, or soluble starch, and of dextrine, but nothing more than mere traces of sugar. The conversion of the insoluble starch into this amiduline appears to be brought about by the action of the acid of the gastric juice, whilst the formation of the dextrine is attributed by the author to the lactic-acid fermentation which the starch suffers in the stomach. Remembering how readily sugar may be formed from starch by the action of the saliva, it seems curious that so little sugar is found in the stomach; but this is, no doubt, due to the acid of the gastric juice, which seems to check the diastatic effect of the salivary secretion. Sugar always occurs, however, in the small intestine.

A NEW PRESERVATIVE FOR ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE SUBSTANCES.—The use of acetate of soda, a very cheap article, is attracting attention as a preservative for animal and vegetable substances. The meat is disposed in layers in barrels, and is covered with one-fourth its weight of the dry acetate. The temperature of the room in which the barrels are placed should be about 70 deg. After being left twenty-four hours, the pieces of meat are turned, and those at the bottom of the barrel placed at the top. In forty-eight hours they can be taken out and dried. When the meat is required for use, it must be cooked in tepid water, to which a small quantity of sal ammoniac is added. Meat thus treated is said to retain all its flavor. The smaller animals can by this process be preserved entire. The preservation of vegetables is claimed to be accomplished in the same way, but they lose nearly three-fourths of their weight. All substances thus preserved must be kept in a dry place, as they have a strong tendency to absorb moisture.

FAMILY MATTERS.

FRIED POTATOES.—Boil some potatoes in their skins; when cold, peel them, cut them into slices a quarter of an inch thick, and fry them in butter or beef dripping a nice delicate brown.

RICE CREAM.—Mix four handfuls of ground rice and half-a-pound of sugar in two quarts of milk or cream, together with two raw eggs beaten up. Thicken them in a saucepan over a quick fire, stirring them continually.

DEVONSHIRE JUNKET.—Set a quart of new milk with half a pint of cream in it in a glass dish with a spoonful of rennet; pour over it half a pint of white wine, two ounces of sifted loaf sugar, and half a nutmeg grated. Cover it with a plain whisked cream, and garnish with apricot jam or jelly.

ESSENCE OF JASMINE.—In a close vessel placed near the fire, put alternate layers of fresh jasmine flowers and fine cotton-wool dipped in oil of benzoin; renew the flowers every twenty-four hours, until the cotton is strongly impregnated with the perfume, which is then to be distilled from it with alcohol in a water-bath. Essence of orange-flowers, of jonquils, &c., is made in the same manner.

TONIC DRINK.—Half an ounce of camomile flowers, half an ounce of sliced gentian root, half an ounce of bruised columba, half an ounce of dried orange peel, one hundred cloves bruised. Put these ingredients into a jug, and pour on them rather more than two pints of cold spring water. Let it stand forty-eight hours, then pour off the clear liquor. Take three tablespoonfuls for a dose, fasting, every morning.

TABLE ORNAMENTS.—A table spread with clean linen and polished dishes need not be expensively furnished to be charming. On such a foundation a small bunch of fresh flowers is a great beauty. From early spring till winter frost the country furnishes a lavish supply. But the unfortunate dwellers in the city need not be without a fragrant nosegay. From one small city yard I have seen most beautiful combinations of color, and been refreshed by more than one sweet odor varying from day to day as the season advanced. One may be limited to three or four soap boxes, and yet have geranium leaves, mignonette, bright verbenas, pansies, and fuchsias, in profusion.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.—A very mistaken spirit of economy often condemns a family to sit in a room almost dark, excepting that, by skilful contrivance, a bright spot can be thrown upon the work or the book. Such a method is contrary to the plan by which the great lights of the world are arranged, and is found by experience to be very injurious. Every motion of the eye, and what in nature is so active, compels a sudden change of its delicate apparatus to suit the different lights and causes more weariness than much longer use in a proper way. Let there be a source of light raised above the level of the eye, and let the whole room be so lighted by it that there shall be no brilliant, dazzling spots and no deep shadows. The alarming prevalence of disorders of the eye should stimulate us to study its needs and to obey its laws.

GERMAN PASTE FOR BIRDS.—Take one pint of pea-flour, in which rub up a new-laid egg; then add two ounces of fresh lard, and three ounces of honey or treacle. Continue to rub this well, so as to prevent it being in large lumps. When got to a fine powder, put it into a clean earthen pipkin, and place it over a slow and clear fire until warm through, stirring it all the while to prevent its burning. When sufficiently hot, take it off, and pass it through a fine wire sieve; then add about two ounces of maw-seed, and if hemp-seed is thought essential, give the small Russia whole in preference to the common sort, bruised, as it only tends to bring on the husk or dry cough. Birds will eat it whole, and it will do them equal good, and prevent nasty and troublesome complaints, which oftentimes stop the birds when in full song, until they bring up the small particles of the husks of the usual-sized hemp-seed.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

UNRULY passions destroy the peace of the soul.

TALENT, like beauty, to be admired, must be unostentatious.

He is the happiest, be he King or peasant, who finds peace in his home.

AIM high, but do not hurry; the steady step is far more effective than the irregular run.

HARD work is the price asked for success, and it can be purchased with no other kind of currency.

DIFFICULTIES.—Keep your difficulties to yourself, and let people know that you are in expectation of good fortune.

BRAVE MEN.—No one need stand in fear of brave men but the wrong-doer; it is only cowards who stab in the back.

TRUTHFULNESS is a corner stone in character; and if it be not firmly laid in youth, there will always be a weak spot in the character.

It is of no advantage to have a lively mind if we are not just. The perfection of the pendulum is not to go fast, but to the regular.

It is in vain to hope to please all alike. Let a man stand with his face in what direction he will, he must necessarily turn his back on one-half of the world.

LOVE is faith, is charity, is gentleness; all truth, all peace, all beauty, and all virtue dwell in this one short word; the rule of life, the precept of our death.

VIRTUE consists in making desire subordinate to duty, passion to principle. The pillars of character are moderation, temperance, chastity, simplicity, self-control; its method is self-denial.

As storm following storm and wave succeeding wave give additional hardness to the shell that encloses the pearl, so do the storms and waves of life add additional force to the character of man.

WHILE the advance of civilisation destroys much that is noble, and throws over the mass of human society an atmosphere somewhat dull and hard; yet it is only by its peculiar trials no less than by its positive advantages that the

utmost virtue of human nature can be matured.

POPULAR ERRORS.—Thinking that the more one eats the stronger and fatter one will become; believing that the more hours a child studies the faster he will learn; imagining that every hour taken from sleep is so much gained; and concluding that, because exercise is good, the more violent it is the better.

KINGSLEY says, "if you wish to be miserable, you must think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you; and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose."

DEBT AND LENDING.—The chief thing that wise parents should din into their children's memory, and impress on their consciences almost from the first hour they are capable of understanding it, is the misery and bondage and even disgrace that come with debt. Borrowing seems so easy, and lending so natural, and youth is buoyant with hope, and conscious of integrity. "It is only for a short time, and payment will easily be made; and who need know?" But a tendency of this kind should be burned out of a young man's nature as with a hot iron. It is a fault towards which an inflexible sternness is at once the kindest and the only effective remedy. An indulgent easiness in the early days of youth may foster a habit which will paralyse the sinews of robust action, and reduce ultimately its victim to the contemptible condition of being either a mendicant or a thief.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

WAX BEAN.—This snap bean, but recently introduced and not generally known, is one of the very best for garden culture. When planted and cared for in the same way, the Wax is 10 or 12 days later than the Early Valentine; but in every other respect it is superior to either this or that other excellent variety, the Refugee. The vines grow longer than other kinds of the snap beans, produce more beans of larger size, more brittle and of better quality. Those who are fond of young snap beans plant seed three or four times during the spring—say two weeks apart—so as to get a succession for table use. Where it will take four plantings with other kinds, two plantings of the Wax will be found quite enough, because this variety will keep tender just twice as long as the sorts commonly grown for home consumption. The pods of the Wax grow long, thick, tender, and of a waxy yellow color.

TO MAKE A SHEEP OWN A LAMB.—A correspondent of the *Maine Farmer*, writes: Sometimes it is desirable to make one sheep own the lamb of another, but often it is a difficult task. An experiment that we tried a few days since proved a perfect success, and was easily conducted; and for the benefit of those who may be similarly situated we communicate it to your columns. One of our sheep lost her lamb. In a few days a yearling dropped a lamb which she did not own, and in fact had no milk for it. We took the lamb immediately after it was dropped and sprinkled it with fine salt and placed it with the sheep that had lost her lamb. As soon as she tasted the salt she commenced licking the lamb, and in a short time was as fond of it as she was of her own. She is now taking the greatest care of her adopted charge.

FERTILIZING CORN.—Here is a hint to corn-growers of some value:

"An intelligent and reliable farmer, who has been for many years making experiments with corn, has discovered an importance and value in replanted corn which is quite novel and worthy of publication. We have always thought replanted corn was of little consequence; he replants whether it is needed or not—or rather he plants two or three weeks after crops are planted, about every fifteenth row each way. He says if the weather becomes dry during the filling time, the silk and tassel both become dry and dead. In this condition, if it should become seasonable, the silk revives and renews, but the tassel does not recover. Thus, for the want of pollen, the new silk is unable to fill the office for which it was designated. The pollen from the replanted corn is then ready to supply the silk, and the filling is completed. He says nearly all the abortive ears, so common to the corn crop, are caused by want of pollen, and that he has known ears to double their size in the second filling."

FARM POULTRY.—Farmers frequently neglect their fowls, not so much from a conviction that they don't pay as because there are so many things to attend to. Yet oftentimes, the labor spent on more pretentious affairs is not as profitable as that devoted to poultry. Of course, much depends on location and the market. A flock of fowls such as is usual on farms, will in most situations, if rightly managed, yield more in value annually (either gross or net) than a good cow. But no farmer expects that a cow can be tended a year, and her fodder raised, cut and housed, without considerable work. Fowls, if allowed their freedom, may be managed with much less labor than when they are yarded, but in any case a great deal of time must be spent in raising chickens in sufficient numbers to keep the ranks of the laying stock always filled with birds not old, which is indispensable to success. It must be remembered that eggs are more profitable than table fowls, except in case of early chickens.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

AN enterprising man—The Burglar.

WHAT is the difference between a nasty pill and a jolly picnic?—One is a little swallow, the other a great lark.

THE reason why Pagans are so far behind-hand in the march of civilization, is because they are such idol people.

WHY is the towering style of bonnet now in vogue called the "Mansard"? Because it takes a great deal of man's hard earnings to pay for one of them.

ANOTHER GRIEVANCE FOR THEM.—One profession is safe from the invasion of Woman. She may enter the Army, but it is impossible that she Man the Navy.

LAST ABODE.—A sheriff, who had a writ to serve, ascertained that the defendant was dead, and tossing the paper over the wall of the cemetery, he made return upon the writ that he had left the summons at the last and usual place of abode.

ENTIRE CONFIDENCE.—In a French court recently, as a witness was about to give his testimony, the advocate remarked, "I wish to state to the court that this witness is entitled to entire confidence, as he has not had time to consult a lawyer."

THINGS WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE.—A fruit tree that keeps away pilferers by its own bark. —Gas that would go out at night and come in again in the morning. —A sauceman that would boil over with rage when the cook is insulted. A clock that is so conceited as not to run down its own works.

A CANDIDATE for the civil service recently gave up his examination in disgust, because he was asked how many bushels of wheat could be bought for two pounds if one bushel cost four shillings. He said he had not learned anything about wheat, but had always done his sums in potatoes and turnips.

"ONLY" THE MIND.—"Wordsworth," said Charles Lamb, "one day told me that he considered Shakespeare greatly overrated. 'There is,' said he, 'an immensity of trick in all Shakespeare wrote, and people are taken by it. Now, if I had a mind, I could write exactly like Shakespeare.' So you see," proceeded Charles Lamb, quietly, "it was only the mind that was wanting!"

"HERE we are now, within a quarter of a mile of land," was the joyful announcement made by the captain of an ocean steamer to his grumbling passengers. "Where? Which way is it?" were the eager exclamations which followed. "Anywhere down below there," said the captain, pointing toward the bottom of the sea; "the lead gives us just two hundred and twenty fathoms of water, and the land comes slap up against the brine."

WHAT WAS WANTED.

She tied the new cravat which she so kindly made me;
Then smoothed with care my hat, and with her arms delayed me.
She brushed my "glossy hair," and said it was "so curly;"

While going down the stair she cried, "Come home, dear, early!"
How happy then was I with all I e'er desired!
I fortune could defy while thus I was admired.
We parted at the door—her smile deserved a sonnet;
"Dear love! but one thing more: I want—a Summer bonnet!"

A BALL-ROOM SCENE.—"A ludicrous incident occurred," says an American paper, "at the Illinois reception the other night. The ball-room floor at Willard's was newly waxed, and badly done at that, so that the fair ladies and the gallant beaux found their feet sticking to the floor. While the weaker were held fast, the stronger and more energetic produced a noise like unto shooting-crackers as they moved about or attempted to dance. This got to be such a nuisance that the proprietor was called in and active measures taken to remedy the trouble. Meal from the kitchen was procured and sprinkled over the floor. Young ladies had to be lifted bodily out of their tracks, in some instances leaving their heels on the floor, while others, uttering little shrieks as if hurt, were prised up with pokers. Several enterprising Illinois beaux went to Milburn's and purchased pieces of chalk, which they rubbed on the soles of the young ladies' shoes. It presented a beautiful picture to see an Illinois gentleman with his knees stuck fast to the floor while he whitened the soles of his love, she balanced most gracefully on one foot and smiling audibly to the tickling process."

A characteristic story is told of the most incorrigible of the burlesque writers. When a favourite domestic drama was recently brought out at Liverpool, a terrible wait occurred, on the night of its production, after the second act. The orchestra had exhausted its repertory, and still the curtain remained down. Presently a harsh grating sound was painfully audible from behind—the sound of a saw struggling through wood. "What is that noise?" impatiently asked a gentleman of the author. "Well, I can't say," answered Mr. Byron, mournfully, "but I suppose they're cutting out the third act."

OUR PUZZLER.

91. SQUARE WORDS.

1. A well-known seasoning; a tree; a misfortune; examination.
2. A landing-place; a town in Holland; a deputy; a word denoting the letters and language of the ancient northern nations of Europe; to bring.
3. A spoon; a second time; time noted; a town in Belgium; concluded.
4. In the hands of the versed, my second's notes, Doth my first so sweetly—then escapes; 'Tis really enchanting; the poet it quotes, As seraphic beings in language he drapes. My next all possess, but every one votes The palm to the ladies,—oh, into what scrapes They lead us, by a glance 'neath their silken coats, In this land of my last, as in that of the grapes.

92. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A famous battle once was fought
Between two chiefs, who empire sought;
Th' initials downwards give the name
Of him who gained the day and fame;
The finals downward, rightly read,
Name him who lost the day and fled—
And yet still more if you're not blind,
The battle's name you'll also find;
For in each word one letter take,
I've numbered them for clearness' sake,
Let for these words the numbers be,
Two three, then five, three four and three.

1. An English colony behold,
Whose sons are brave, and free, and bold.
2. In England's north seek out a town
That's truly not of great renown.
3. An ancient kingdom of great fame,
The easiest one of all to name.
4. An Irish city now I wish,
Where ne'er should lack supply of fish.
5. To South America now fly,
To find a strange nam'd city try.
6. Come back again to England mind,
And search in Hants a town to find.

94. CHARADES.

1. My first two thousand years ago you're told,
Lived in the north, was brave and bold;
My next will tell for whose delight
I sit me down these lines to write;
And in my whole if meant for me,
My very self you ought to see.

2. My first is a river in Europe; my second a habitation; my third what you did yesterday; and my whole is a monarch.

3. My first is an English river; my second is nothing; my third is a measure; and my whole is a flower.

94. DECAPITATIONS.

1. Whole, I am a name; beheaded, I am what you have; then curtailed, I am what you do; read backwards, I am bad; transposed, I am worthless; and again transposed, I am by ladies worn.

2. Whole, I reflect; beheaded, I am a girl; beheaded again, I am an animal; then curtailed, I become a conjunction.

3. Whole, I am a useful article; beheaded, I am what you should never be; again beheaded, I am what you did yesterday; transposed, I am what you will do to-morrow; then beheaded, I become a preposition.

4. Of my whole you have more than one; transpose me, and I become a border; behead and curtail me, I become circular; again behead and transpose me, and I become a liquid; behead me again, and I become a preposition.

5. Whole, I depart; curtailed and transposed, I wash; transposed, I am a hollow; then beheaded, I am a liquid; then transposed, I am enclosed ground.

ANSWERS.

80. CHARADE.—Shipwreck.

81. PUZZLES.—1. Snow. 2. Vine.

82. CROSS PUZZLE.—Mississippi, thus:

A	M	Y
B	I	T
A	S	S
U	S	E
C	E	N
M	I	S
S	I	S
S	S	S
C	R	E
P	E	S
S	I	P
P	I	S
K	I	N

SONNET.

BY MAX.

As the red rose lifts up her queenly face,
A beauteous banquet for the kingly sun,
And he, enamoured of her royal grace,
Woos her from morning till the day is done,
So when thy face is lifted up to me,
My blushing rose, perhaps I love thee best;
And as the moon has power to rule the sea,
It rules my life and gives my spirit rest.
Thy life is like the fulness of a flower,
Grown to perfection and divinely sweet;
And lo, I count it, dear, the happiest hour,
When I may lay my homage at thy feet.
O, make my heart, sweet love, thy peerless throne,
My queenly rose to heaven-born stature grown.

ONLY FLIRTING.

BY MRS. C. CHANDLER,
OF MONTREAL.

"Aunt, why is it you never married?"
I asked this question as we were sitting *tête-à-tête* in the open porch of the house one warm summer afternoon. It was a lovely spot that my aunt had selected to build her little home-stead, and what a gem itself was that cottage, with its creeping vines and wild roses, almost embosoming it! The garden plot was trimly kept, which everything always was about my aunt. A large tree was near the house, spreading its sheltering branches over the garden. Behind the cottage was a little lawn, sloping down to a pond, where some ducks and geese were luxuriously enjoying themselves.

Yes, my aunt had a pleasant home, and I truly enjoyed those summer visits which I always paid to "Allendale," which was the name my aunt had chosen to give her pretty domicile.

My aunt, Phoebe Holmes, was a placid, gentle-looking woman of about thirty-eight. She dressed altogether in a style peculiarly her own, which decidedly was not *à la mode*, yet still she was an attractive-looking woman, with her large pensive brown eyes, and sweet, yet sad, smile.

The sun was reflecting into the porch, and glanced across my aunt's face as she looked up from her work to reply to some remark of mine. She looked so lonely at the moment that the thought flashed into my mind as to why she should never have married; hence the question I impetuously asked:

"Aunt, why is it you never married?"
I repeated my question twice before my aunt appeared to hear me; then she replied, after a moment's hesitation:

"Because, my dear, it was not intended that I should be."

"Ah! yes, aunt," I replied, "that may be; but there must be a more assignable reason for it, for you surely had lovers when you were young," I pertinaciously continued.

Now, in looking back, I think it was thoughtless and almost impertinent pressing my aunt as I did on such a subject. However, it brought forth good results, which I have had cause to be thankful for.

My aunt looked rather annoyed as I again repeated my last question. She sighed wearily before she replied:

"Minnie, you allude to a painful subject. I never like to speak of the past or my girlhood's days; those reminiscences I have long looked up in my memory as being too sacred for conversation."

Nothing daunted, I again persevered:

"You might make an exception with me, aunt dear, your only niece, and almost like a daughter; and now you have roused my curiosity by speaking so mysteriously, just like what we read in novels, that I could not rest without knowing something further. Will you, aunt, trust in me—I will never repeat it."

"My dear Minnie, going back to the past will be very painful to me; if I do, it will be only with a view that it may be beneficial to you and be a useful lesson, for I tell you candidly, my love, I have felt rather uneasy about you sometimes."

"About me, aunt? Why what do I ever do to merit your disapprobation? I only flirt now and then; surely you don't call that a grave fault?"

"Grave enough, Minnie, in its results sometimes," my aunt replied. "However, I will tell you a little tale, and then, after that, you can give me your opinion of it. Come nearer to me, and I will begin."

Going into the parlor, and bringing out a little stool and seating myself on it, and laying my head on my aunt's lap, I was prepared to listen.

My aunt, laying aside her work, put one of her hands on my hair, and commenced the following narrative:

"Twenty years ago I was at home with my mother in our little country place. It was not as pretty a spot as this, nor was it so well kept, for my mother was very delicate in health and unable to bear any fatigue; and I was thoughtless. However, things were pretty good, and we were very happy together. My mother, as you know, had no other child but your father, and he was away in the city studying for the law, and only came home in the vacations. I never felt

lonely; for the village was not far, and I was well known there and had many friends among them, some of the opposite sex, who would have been my lovers, if I had encouraged them: I was thought handsome in these days, I believe, at least I was told so—you could scarcely think so by what I am now. Although I had many admirers, on one only did I smile; he was my *beau idéal* of all that was good and manly. His name was Edward Munroe (as my aunt pronounced the name she stopped for a moment, as if a choking sensation had come into her throat, and a tear stole down her cheek, which I observed, as I looked up to see why she had paused.) I said nothing, only pressing the hand which lay near me on her lap. My aunt continued: "Edward Munroe—she said it again as if to accustom herself to its sound—was the master of the village school. He was poor, although of respectable descent, and he had taken this situation not alone for the emolument, but with a view to having some time to prosecute his studies for the pulpit, which he hoped to achieve in a couple of years; and I had promised him to be his when that time arrived, and be a helpmate in his pastoral duties.

"Thus matters stood, when one morning my mother received a letter from an old school friend who had married well in the city, and who had occasionally still kept up a correspondence. This letter was to say that her daughter Dora was rather in ill health, and was ordered a change into the country, and would mamma take her for a month if it would not inconvenience her. Of course; what answer could be given under the circumstances. My mother, I saw, did not like the idea, and as for myself, a pang of sadness shot through my heart. I knew not wherefore, except it was a presentiment. A reply was sent of polite acquiescence in the request, and in three days Miss Dora Mansfield was deposited at our porch door amidst a variety of trunks, valises and bandboxes. It struck me with astonishment as to the requirements of so much luggage merely for a month's visit to a country house, but I soon saw why.

"It was nearly dark when our visitor arrived, and I could not see what she was like until I took her up to my bedroom to remove her cloak and hat. As she took off her wrappings and stood in the bright lamp-light, I was amazed at her exceeding beauty. Large dazzling, flashing black eyes, a complexion of a rich creamy tint, and her raven hair, loosely let down, hung in a rippling, glittering mass to her waist. Her figure was rather tall, and well-developed, showing off to advantage the dark purple silk, trimmed with black lace, that she wore, made in the latest city fashion.

"As I looked at her, I felt as if I had suddenly become disenchanted, something like 'Cinderella' in the fairy tale. Hitherto I had been the 'belle' and 'authority' in our village, but now I had become a dowdy, a plain country girl, beside this queen.

"I was not envious, but I was put down in my own estimation. I must have looked downcast, for our visitor looked at me with disdain, I thought then, and said, with a sudden wide display of her white teeth:

"Are you not glad to see me, Miss Holmes?" "I was half ashamed of my feelings being observed, and laughed, begging that she would excuse my seriousness, and that I was very glad to welcome her, which I tried to persuade myself was the case, but I knew in my inmost heart that it was the contrary.

"We went down to the parlor, where my mother and Edward, who had just come in, (although I had not expected him that evening, or I should have exchanged my brown merino dress for a more tasteful one, as the contrast was decidedly striking between our city beauty and myself,) were seated. I observed Edward start with surprise; he, too, was struck with this marvellous girl.

"During the evening music was proposed, and Dora sang. Her voice was magnificent, and she executed the popular operas of the day with great taste. Here again Edward seemed lost in admiration. I sang too, (but mine was flat, stale, after hers, I thought,) only simple ballads, and my execution was by no means brilliant. I felt, without knowing why, completely overshadowed, trodden down into the dust, by this girl.

"Christianity and common sense vanished and I became diabolical in my heart, and I fear my countenance betrayed my inward perturbation, for Dora looked triumphant, radiant, throwing all her wiles and fascinations towards my betrothed, who appeared pleased and flattered, and, in my prejudiced mind, changed to me, and, with cross petulance, I repulsed Edward, thinking he no longer estimated me as the one he thought most of.

"Now, in looking back through the vista of years, I think the comparison that first evening that Dora spent with us must have been very great between us, and I lost greatly in the balance, not by my dress nor my singing, but in the sweetness and suavity of Miss Mansfield's manner, and my cross, contracted brow and abrupt behavior."

"Oh! aunt," I cried, interrupting her, "I cannot fancy you ever being like that. You are so quiet and placid now."

"Ah! my child, through what a furnace of purification have I not passed to make me thus."

My aunt again sighed, and proceeded:

"Days passed into weeks, and things did not mend for me. It was with the greatest self-control that I was barely civil to Dora. Edward came frequently, but now, instead of attention to me, he seemed engrossed with my detested rival. She spared no wile that could possibly

attract him, and how weak are often the strongest and coolest men when the snares and wiles of a pretty woman, who is also a coquette, are brought to bear upon him? And so it was with my poor Edward. He loved me still, but it was now a brotherly affection; all his devotion was to Dora. I would have no confidential conversation with her, but my mother, who was earnestly noticing the whole affair, at last spoke one day.

"Dora, my dear," she said, "perhaps you are not aware that Mr. Munroe is engaged to Phoebe. I am sure, if you had known it, you would not have engrossed all his society. I blame my daughter for not having told you sooner."

"Dora only raised her eyebrows, and ejaculated coolly:

"Ah! indeed! but I am sure, by her manner, that she suspected it before."

"My mother did not seem pleased, and continued:

"I must therefore beg, Miss Mansfield, that while in my house you will be more reserved. No young lady should receive the entire attentions of a gentleman whom another has a greater interest in."

"Dora laughed and said:

Edward; do not believe in his professions of love; throw him from your heart as unworthy of you. Bear this trial, my love, as a woman and a Christian."

"I stopped my tears, and promised my mother to do what she thought best.

"Two letters were despatched to the post that evening—one was from Mrs. Holmes to Mrs. Mansfield, and the other was from myself to Edward.

"Two days after I had the satisfaction of seeing the being who had wrought so much trouble for me depart from our threshold. Enraged she was, scarcely offering her hand in 'good-bye.'

"Some days later I received a short, incoherent letter from him whom I once idolized and still loved in spite of all. He seemed torn by conflicting feelings, not wishing to break his faith to me, and yet enthralled by my rival. I replied in a short, decisive note, and thus ended all intercourse between us.

"Edward threw up his situation, and went into the city some weeks after. The day before he left he sought an interview with me, which my mother steadily refused him.

"He left, and I have never seen him since."



SNOW-BALLING.

"What nonsense. I am only flirting."

"My mother then launched into a tirade on the evils of flirtation, which only made the beautiful 'imp' laugh merrily. This lecture did no good.

"I spoke to Edward at last, and gave him back my troth, if he wished it; but he told me he admired Dora but loved me. At that time I believe he really thought so, for he was too truthful and guileless to deceive.

"Matters came to a climax. One afternoon, coming home from the village, where I had gone for my mother, I saw Dora walking up and down near the school-house that Edward was the master of. I was surprised, and determined to watch and see the consequences. In a short while Edward came out, and met the deceptive creature with joy. He offered his arm, and they sauntered off to the woods, a little way behind the school-house.

"I was almost crazy, and, with bounding heart and panting breath, I rushed home, throwing myself into my mother's arms, burst into a loud fit of crying.

"My mother was alarmed, not knowing what had happened, but when coherency and calmness came back, I related all.

"My child, my darling, I am sorry for you. I know you are not one easily to get over a trouble of this kind. I am grieved that Edward should have acted thus, but I think his greatest fault is weakness in yielding to the temptress. However, Phoebe, my child, you must dismiss

"A severe illness followed this crushing sorrow, and I arose weak and emaciated. My mother took me away from home for a change of scene, but my strength and spirits did not improve, my mental sufferings were so intense, for I could not forget the past. Edward's large, clear blue eyes would rise before me and haunt me wherever I went. I pictured to myself Dora as his wife, the fond words and caresses that were once mine given to her, until I often thought I should go mad.

"Months passed into years. My health had become better, but I was still at times in anguish of mind, and had days of misanthropy, when I would speak to no one, much to my gentle mother's sorrow.

"It was one of my bitter days, as I called them, when the postman brought a letter. I looked at it; the handwriting seemed familiar. I tore it open with trembling fingers, and a likeness and look of hair dropped from it. I tried to look at it, to read the letter, but all faded before me, and I fainted, and it was some time before I was able to decipher the following.

"I will read it to you, Minnie," said my aunt, rising, and going into the parlor, returned with a much faded letter and a photograph and lock of hair. Her tears were fast flowing over the relics. As for myself, I had been in tears almost the whole time, and was now sobbing aloud.

My aunt cleared her voice and began:

"Phoebe Holmes,—When you receive this, I shall no longer be an inhabitant of this world. I am dying, Phoebe, the physicians say 'of a decline,'—I say 'of a broken heart.' Can you forgive me sufficiently to read this through? Now, on the verge of the grave, I declare I love you, and no other in this world, my pure and noble Phoebe! I do not surmise as to your being another's. I know your nature too well to believe that. I will tell you all; I must be short, for I am very weak. When I left your village I went to the city, where I obtained a situation, as I thought, good. I gave up the idea of becoming a clergyman, so enthralled had I become by the fair serpent who had beguiled me. I called on Mrs. Mansfield, was received civilly, and at first rapturously by the daughter. I sought an opportunity of pouring out my passion, when, judge or my horror and amazement when the fiend replied, 'Why, surely, Mr. Munroe, you could have seen I was not in earnest; I was only flirting. Some of you men are so matter-of-fact.' She went on to tell me that she was engaged, and had been for two years, to a 'splendid fellow,' as she expressed it, who was away, but that he would be here in two weeks, when she was to be married, and coolly asked me to the wedding. Without a word, without a look, I caught my hat and rushed from her presence. Two weeks after I saw her marriage advertised in the papers. I left the city, and have been a wanderer in the Southern States, getting a little work now and then, but I knew, and was assured, I should not long cumber the earth. I have been gradually sinking, and my days, my physician says, are numbered. Pray forgive me, Phoebe. I die in the hope of meeting you in an eternal home.

"EDWARD MUNROE."

My aunt's tears were raining down on the paper as she concluded.

"Now, Minnie," she said, half sobbing, "do you now see why I never married. I am waiting patiently in this world until the Almighty summons me to join my only beloved Edward where we shall never be parted."

I rose silently and kissed my aunt.

"Thank you, aunt, for this recital. You have done more good to me than you can imagine."

"I am happy to hear it, Minnie. Did the 'cap fit' anywhere in my narrative?" asked my aunt.

I blushed and said:

"I am afraid so, but your experience will be a useful lesson to me."

Yes, I was not acting quite right just then, for I had been flirting tremendously with the most eligible young man in the village since I had been with my aunt this summer, much to the torture and annoyance of a girl to whom he was engaged, and it gave me a delightful pleasure to rival her, yet with no other idea but flirtation, for I would not have married him had he asked me. But now I viewed my conduct with horror, and I became a changed being from that hour.

I am now a happy wife and mother, and in my intercourse with the world I daily observe girls who, through thoughtless flirtations, throw away their own happiness very often, and destroy the happiness of others, which induces me to give this warning to those who like to flirt, hoping it will be as beneficial to them as my aunt's recital was to me.

THE ETIQUETTE OF INVITATIONS.—One of the most reasonable rules of etiquette is that which requires prompt replies to invitations. An invitation should be answered as soon as received, but there are some very foolish people who have the idea that it increases their importance to delay their reply, or that promptness gives evidence of eagerness to accept or refuse.

A HORSE GETTING A CHILD OUT OF A POND.—A French paper gives the following striking instance of the affectionate instincts in animals: On a small farm in one of the French departments was a young horse whose temper was so untractable that all attempts at taming him failed. The farmer would have parted with him but for his youngest child, a boy about six years old, to whom, strange to say, the animal showed a strange liking; he would come to his young friend and receive food from his hand. He seemed pleased to have his shaggy neck patted by the little fellow. One day all the adult members of the family were out in the field excepting the mother, who, being engaged in the house, left the child playing in the yard, when he fell into a pond, and would have been drowned but for the timely aid of his friend the horse. The animal happening to be loose in the stable, and hearing the familiar voice, came out at a trot, and perceiving the poor child struggling, seized him by his garment and drew him out at the very moment the mother came to look after him.

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